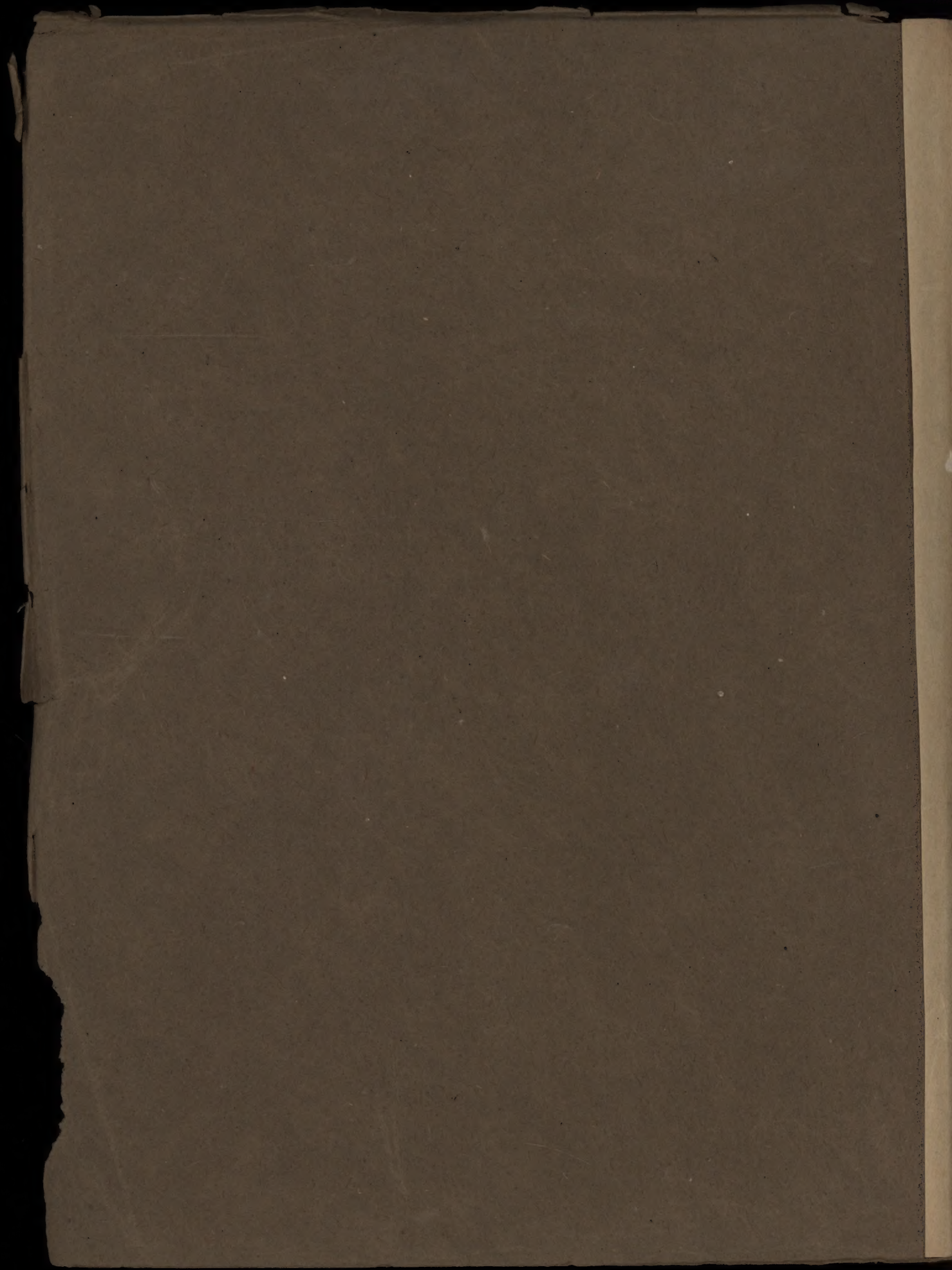


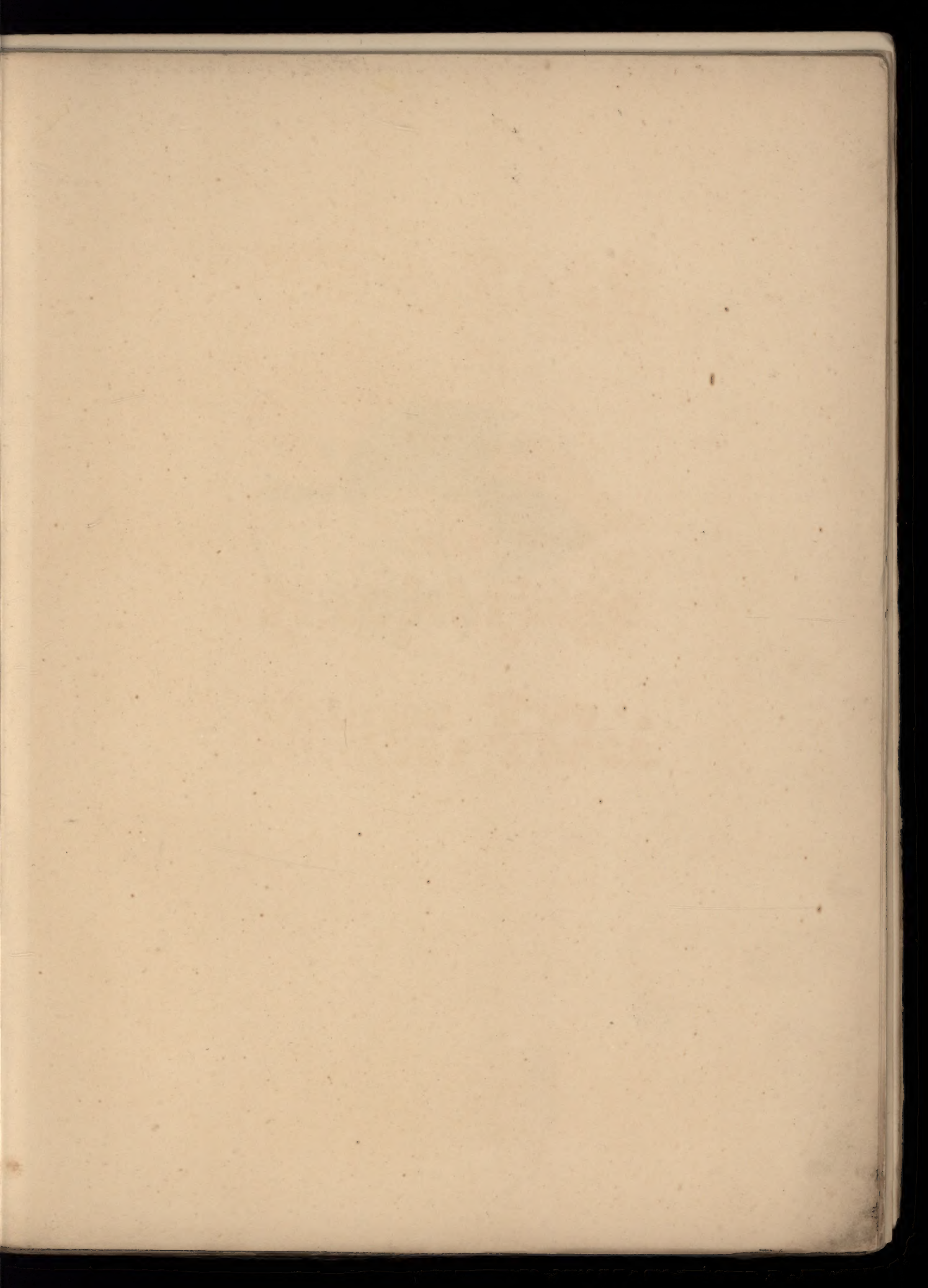
The Page



Hackbridge

**Volume Two .
Number Three**








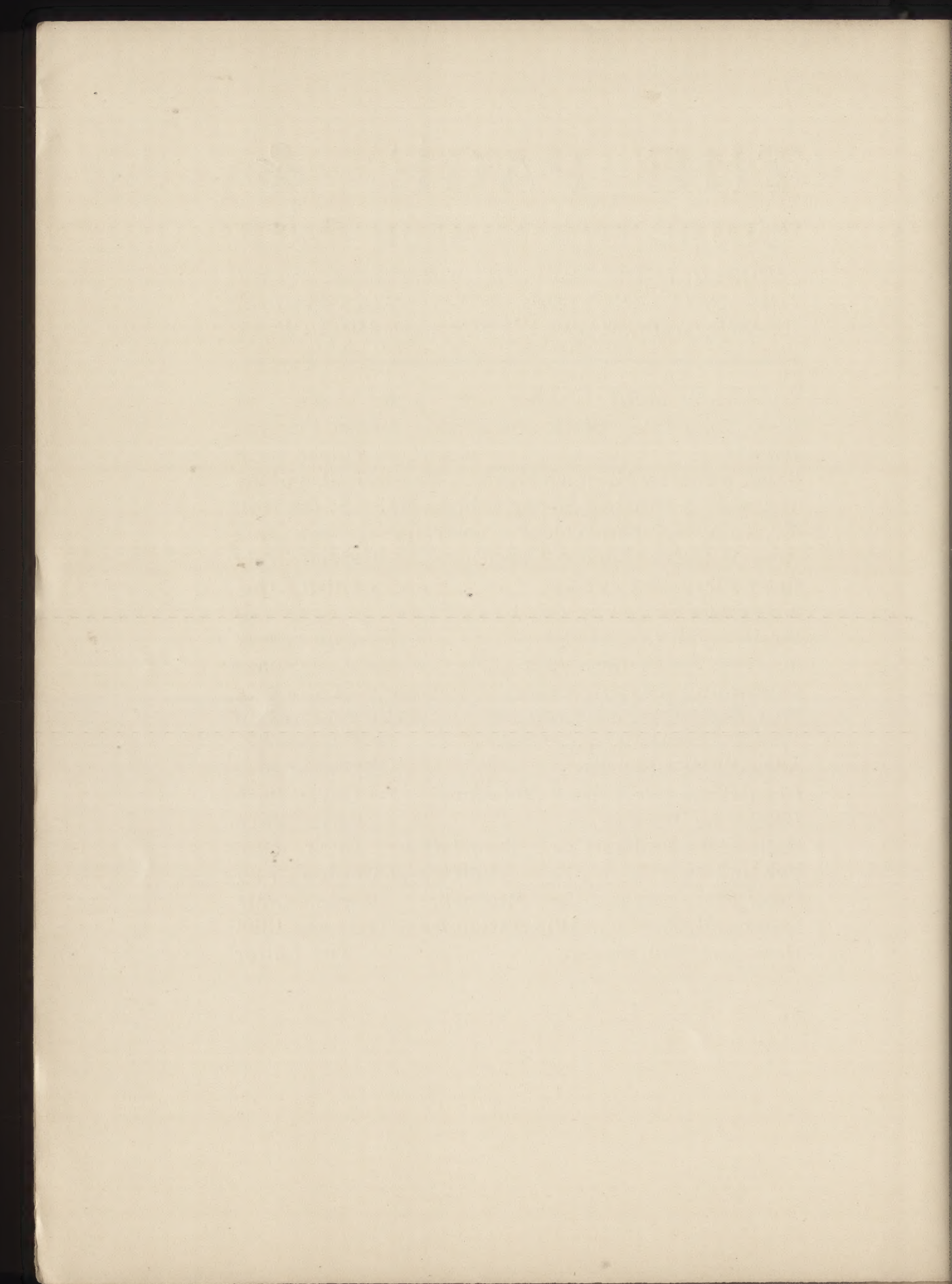
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VOLUME TWO, NUMBER THREE.

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FROM THE UNIVERSAL SPELLING

BOOK: *Concerning several Things necessary to be known for the further Improvement of the Young Scholar in his Learning & Morals, by Daniel Fleming*

TO MAKE GOOD INK.

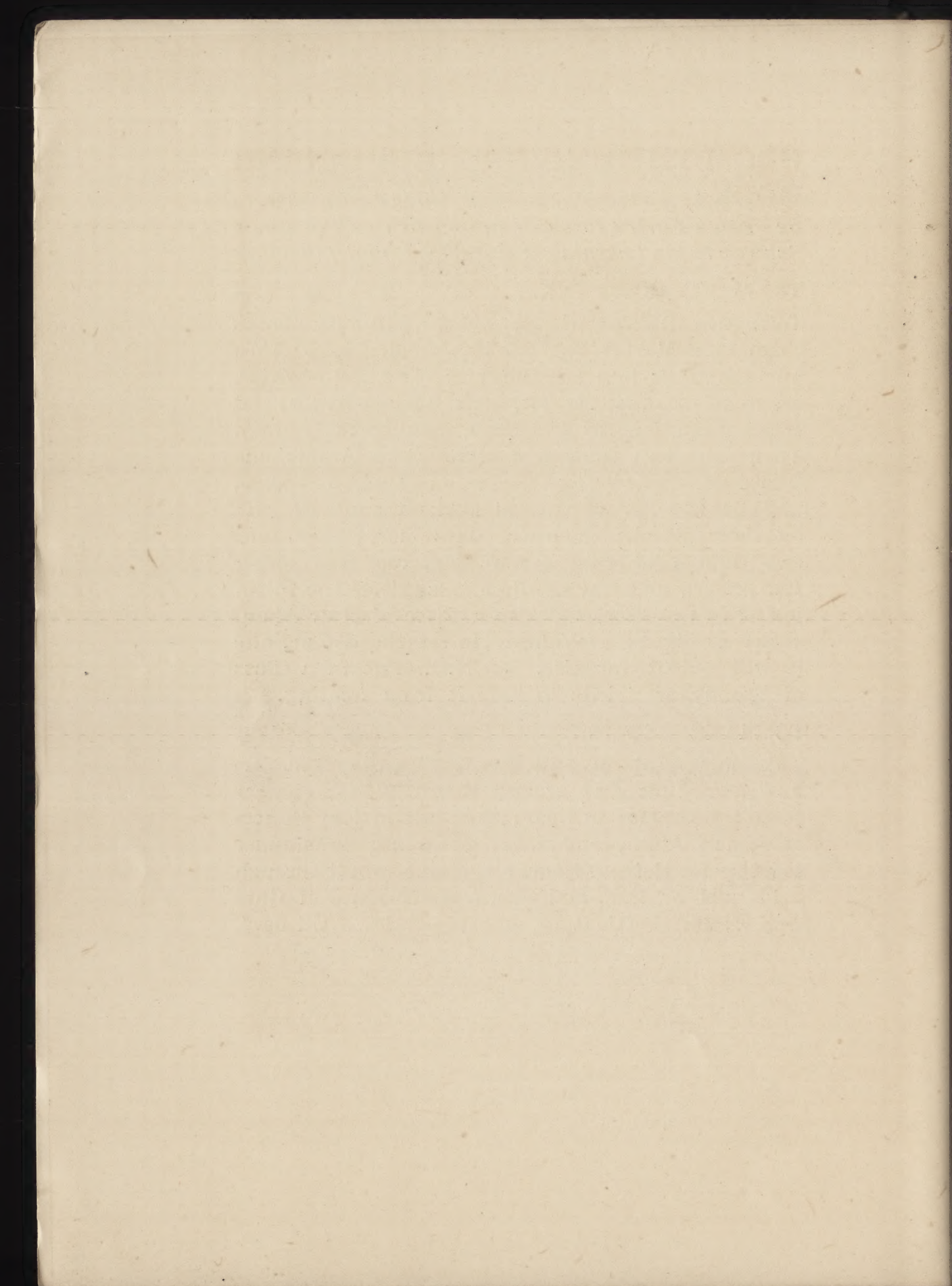


Take five Ounces of the best Nutgalls, break them in a Mortar, but not into small Pieces; then put the Galls into one Quart of clear Rain-Water, or, if this cannot be got, soft Spring-Water; let them stand four or five Days, shaking them often. Then take two Ounces of white Gum Arabic, one Ounce of double-refined Sugar, one Piece of Indigo, and put to the same, and shake them well, and let them stand four or five Days more; then take two Ounces of good green Copperas, (the larger the better), and having first washed off the Filth, put it to the Rest, and also a Piece of clear Alum, about as big as a Walnut, to set the Colour, and it will be fit for Use. ☞ N.B.—Put in a Glass of Brandy or Spirits to keep it from freezing. ☞

TO MAKE RED INK.



Take three pints of stale Beer (rather than Vinegar) and four Ounces of ground Brazil Wood; simmer them together for an Hour; then put in four Ounces of Roach Alum, and these three are to simmer together for Half an Hour, and then strain it through a Flannel or Rag, and then add an Ounce of Gum Arabic; then bottle it up, and stop it down till used.

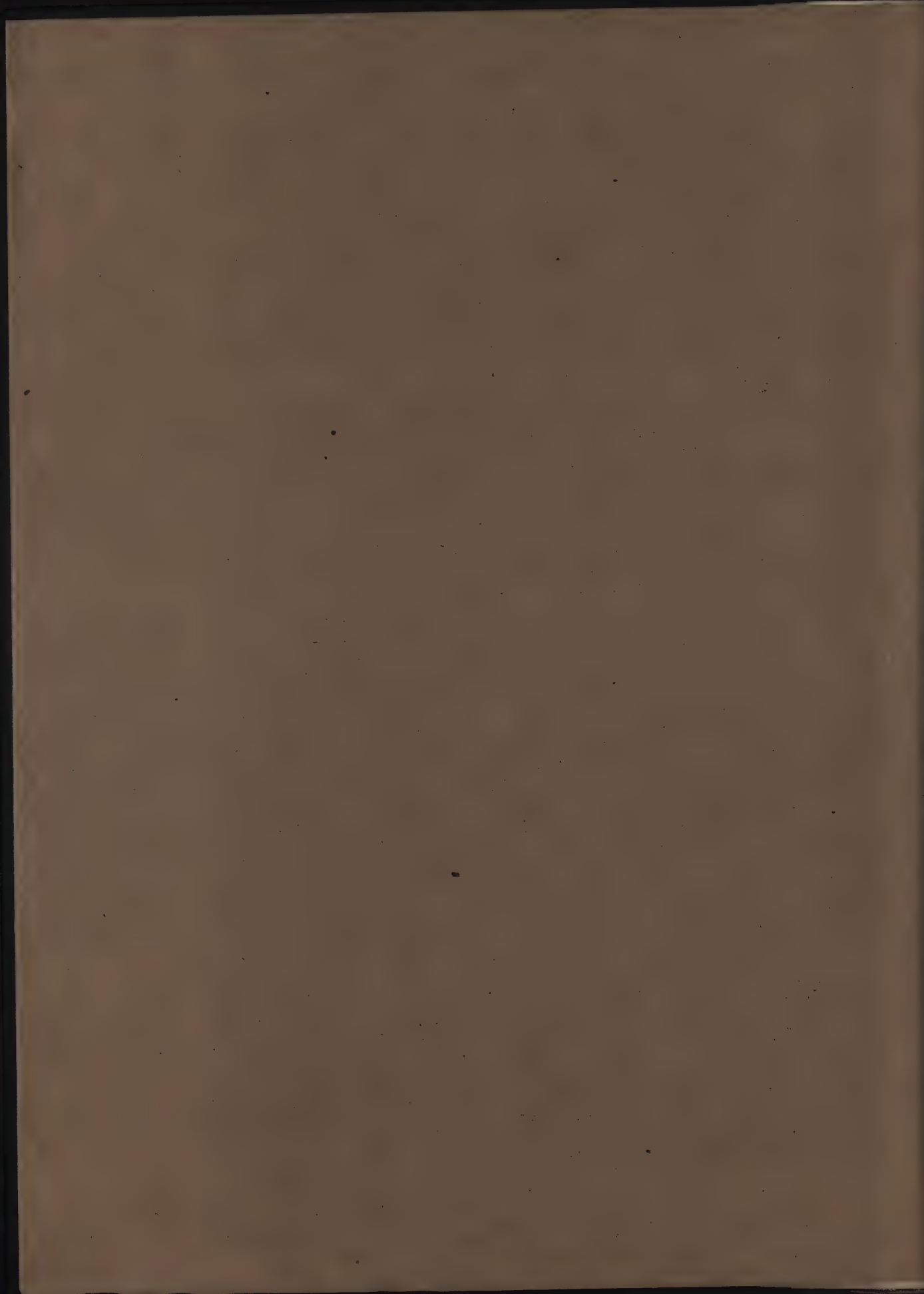




OLD GRIMES, HIS FRIEND.

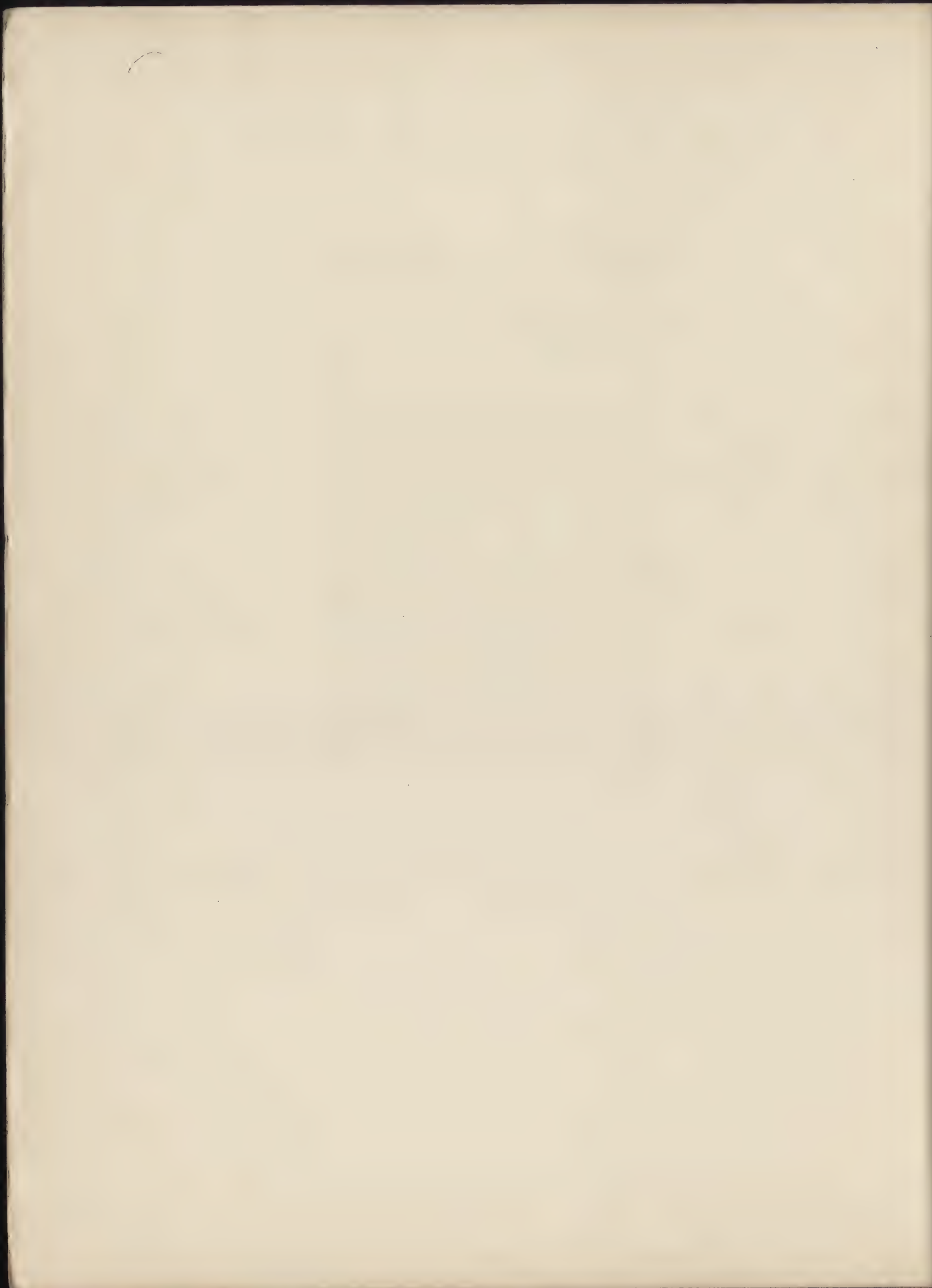
OLIVER BATH.

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more;
He used to wear an old black coat
All buttoned down before.





DWARFS. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY OLIVER BATH.



A Song: Words by Heinrich Heine.
Music by Martin Fallas Shaw.

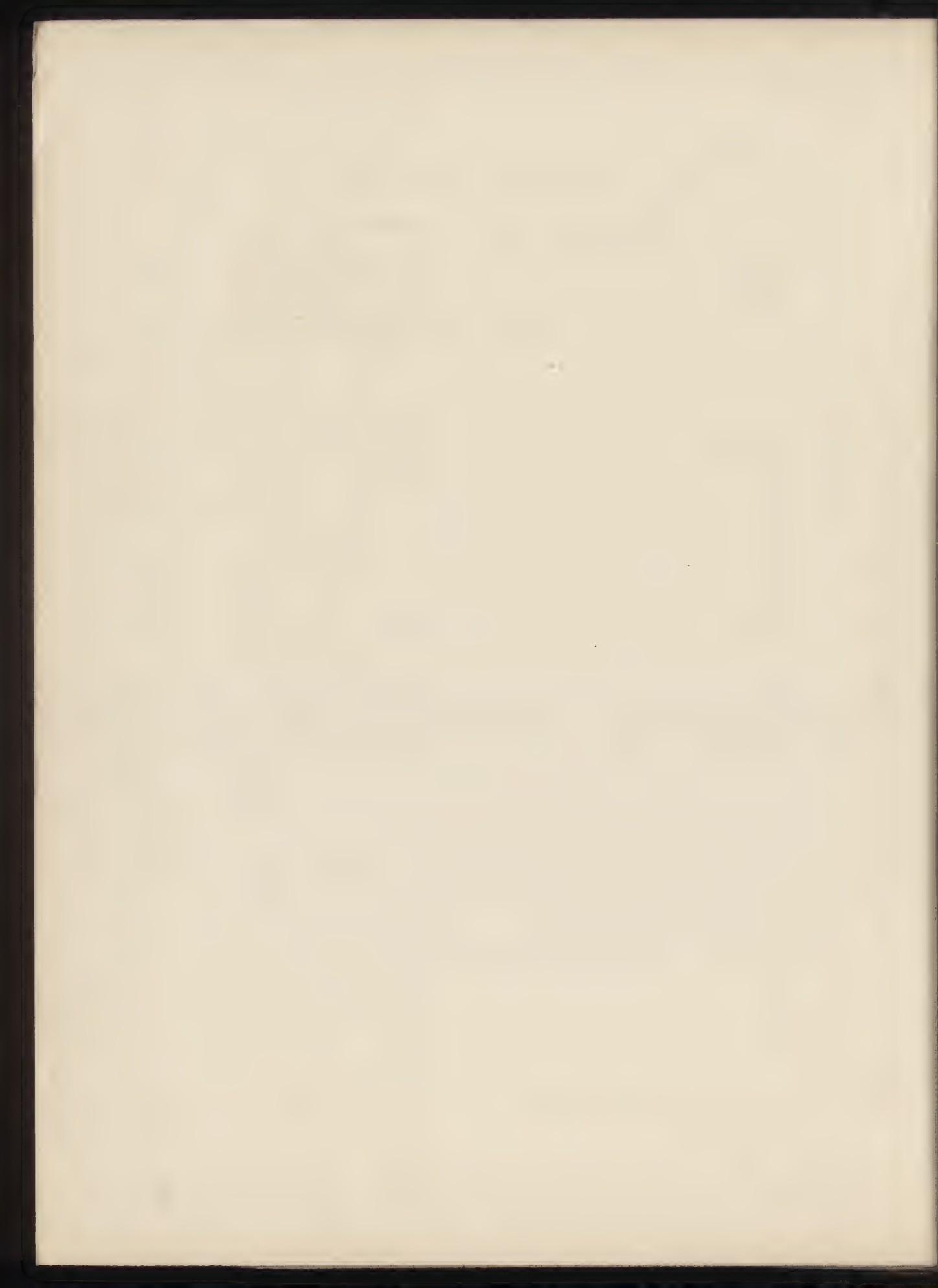
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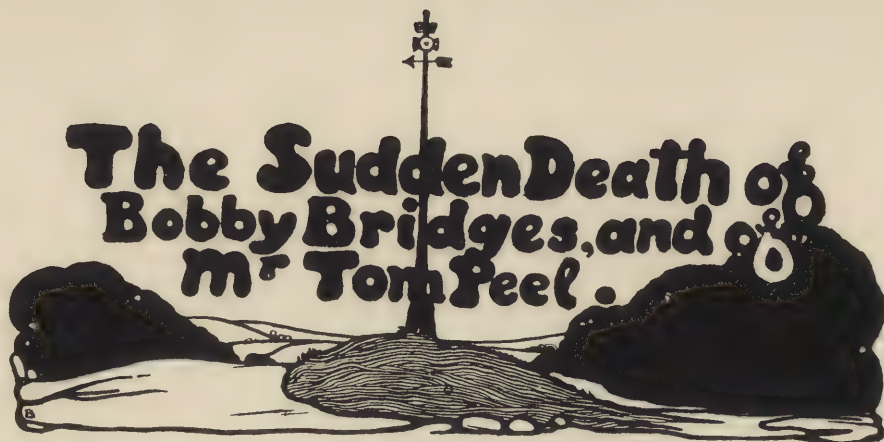
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E'en as a lovely flower, so fair, so
pure thou art I gaze on thee and goodness comes to
heart I fain my hands had fold'd u-pon thy
soft brown hair pray-ing that God may keep thee so lovely
and fair

pp

ped.





WE'LL get to the end of this tale as quickly as possible, for it is neither pretty, pathetic, nor amusing. Bobby Bridges was a boy with a splendid little face and a very beautiful nature. His face reminded one of a very young Buonaparte; his nature was as generous as a poor man. But he had grave faults. For instance he was what is called faithless, and loved too many dolls. To-day it was a rag doll—a wax one to-morrow. Six dolls a week was the average, and on the seventh day he rested, and thought about the entire six as if it were one. Many of his loves sat mooning in shop windows, and he remember their long eyelashes and little noses. One day his father heard him speaking tenderly to his girl of wax—his property—who could wink with two eyes at once. The doll was lying on a low chair, and he was leaning over it crooning like a bird to its mate—interrogative sounds—a short pause after each question. But the thing gave him no answer, not even a sigh, though pressed. Then he would frown at it thoughtfully, and after some minutes would place a delicate, perfect kiss on its nose, and afterwards draw back his head as we see the painters do when at their work. He was always contented at the time, but on the next day



he continued to search for his ideal—a talking responsive doll. At the end of three years he gave it up, doing all the loving himself, expecting none in return, and explaining to himself and things that love meant “thinking about.” But it was evident to the Gods that this creature would be of no earthly use. He had done life for five years, and they gave him up as good for nothing. So it was arranged that he should meet with Mr. Tom Peel.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
♣ Mr. Peel was a small man with a grey beard, crooked and very dirty; poor, and miserable. He had been a sailor for two years, but was not judged fit to remain on the seas, so he took to brooding over this failure of his on land, dissembled his sanity, and finally became mad—silly. He wandered from town to town, talking loudly of a vessel he had once controlled, inventing imaginative stories of pirates, wrecks, and mutinies, and was genuinely happy when he found youngsters who believed him. but when the elders saw through him and uncovered his old failures to him and the company, he swore at them, and blubbered in the night whilst they slept. He was all weakness, all regrets, and the Gods, who had allowed him to experiment for forty-three years, grew tired of him, and decided in their impatience to remove him too. ♣ Now the Gods are elaborate in their habits, and not content with a small thunderbolt for Bob, and a bigger one for Tom, they settled the pair in the following way ♣ Tom Peel and Bobby Bridges met on a Saturday evening in May at the cross roads near Carshalton. There was no finger-post there, but in its place a sewer vent about thirty feet high—a



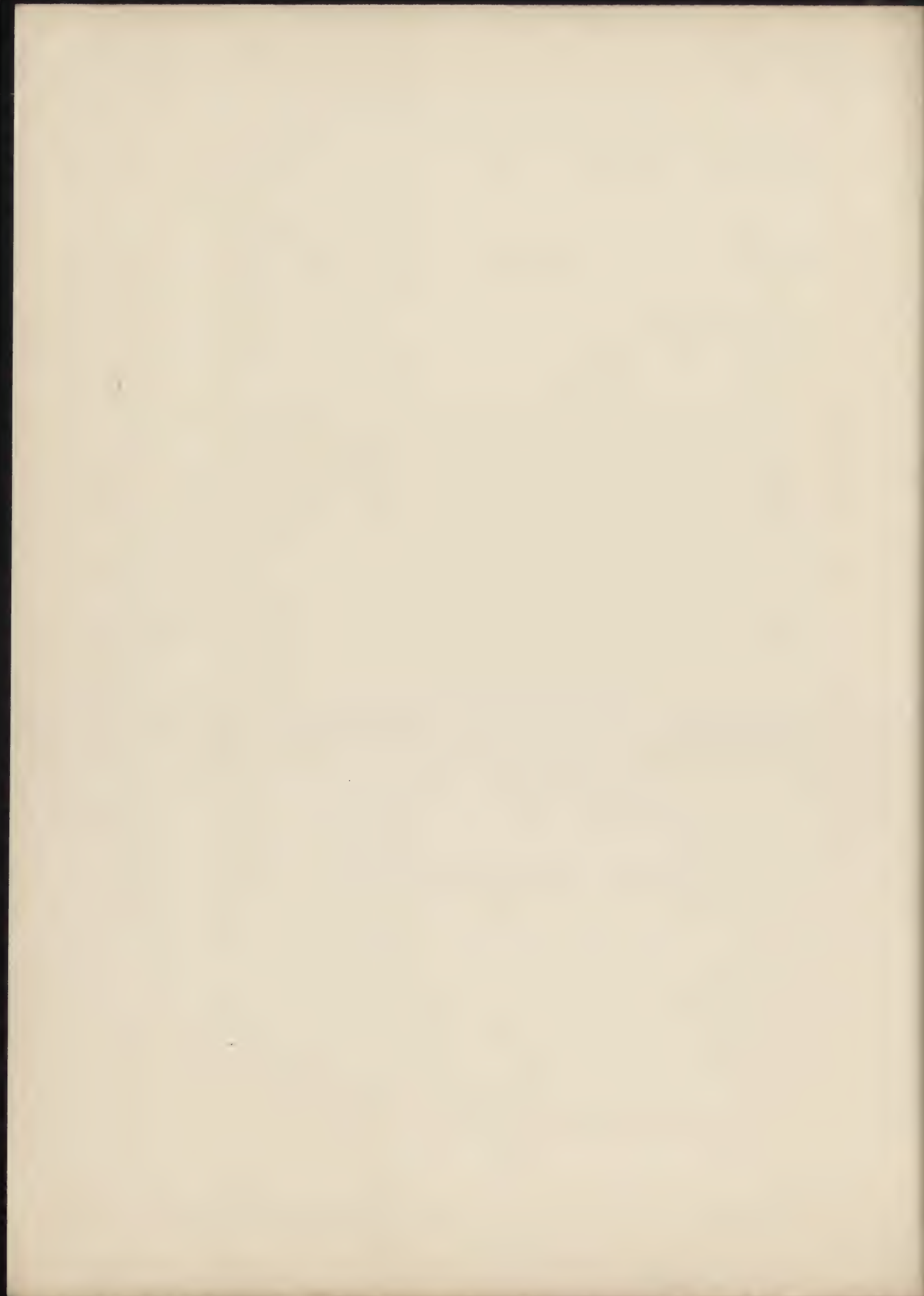


MR. TOM PEELE.

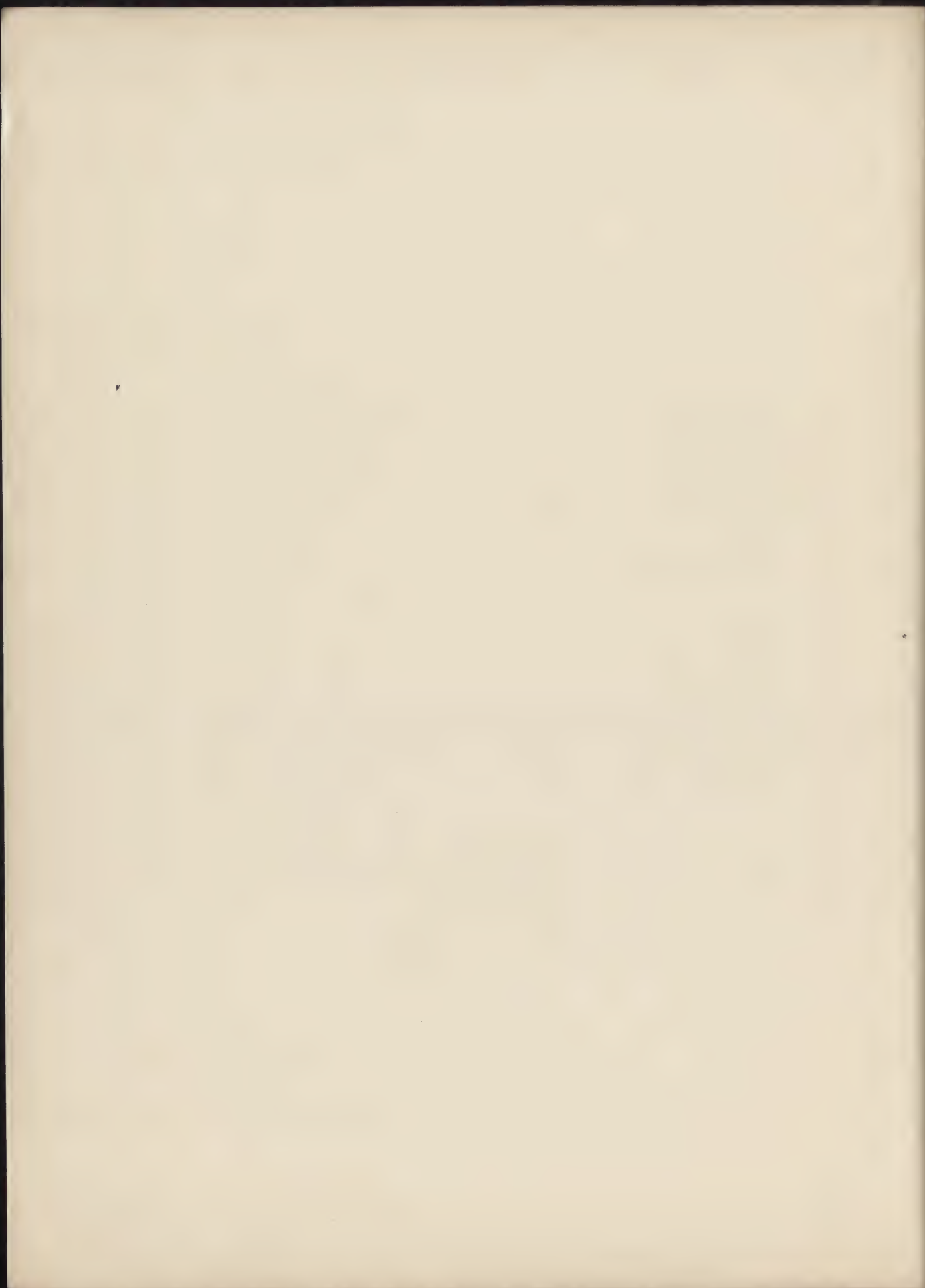
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG



tall iron pipe, decorated at the base like a lamp-post and at the top by a crown and three cup-like openings from which the bad air escapes from the sewers and is distributed out of the reach of our nostrils. ♣ Against this post leaned Peel. He was regretting, weeping, and spitting, with an occasional burst of sudden obstinate sounding speech, raising his right arm as they do on the stage, and hurling oaths at an audience of nobody. The trees all around him were in full blossom, and smelt fresh and delicate, and down the road he spied a little boy, who, with his hands in his pockets, and his head lowered as if thinking about something, made straight for the hillock of grass on which the man stood. As he came nearer he could be heard talking in a soft deep voice to himself; two dolls were on his breast and over them his coat was tightly buttoned. ♣ Just as the boy came up, eight o'clock began striking down in the village. ♣ "Eight bells, by God," growled the man, and he again commenced to declaim, using his right arm, which was almost bare, with swinging gestures. This interested the boy, who had no fear, and sat on the grass to watch the strange thing that waved. "Eight bells! Eight bells!" the figure cried, "a rough sea, and too many flowers—Lord, how they smell. Now then you there, who the hell are you staring at—do you stare at me? Up to the mast head with you, and nail the flag to the mast," and he struck an attitude—one arm out with finger pointed in the air, and made a grimace. Bobby, who had often seen his father imitate severity by scowling and a loud voice, recognised in this man a capital imitation of his father, and he jumped up clapping his hands,

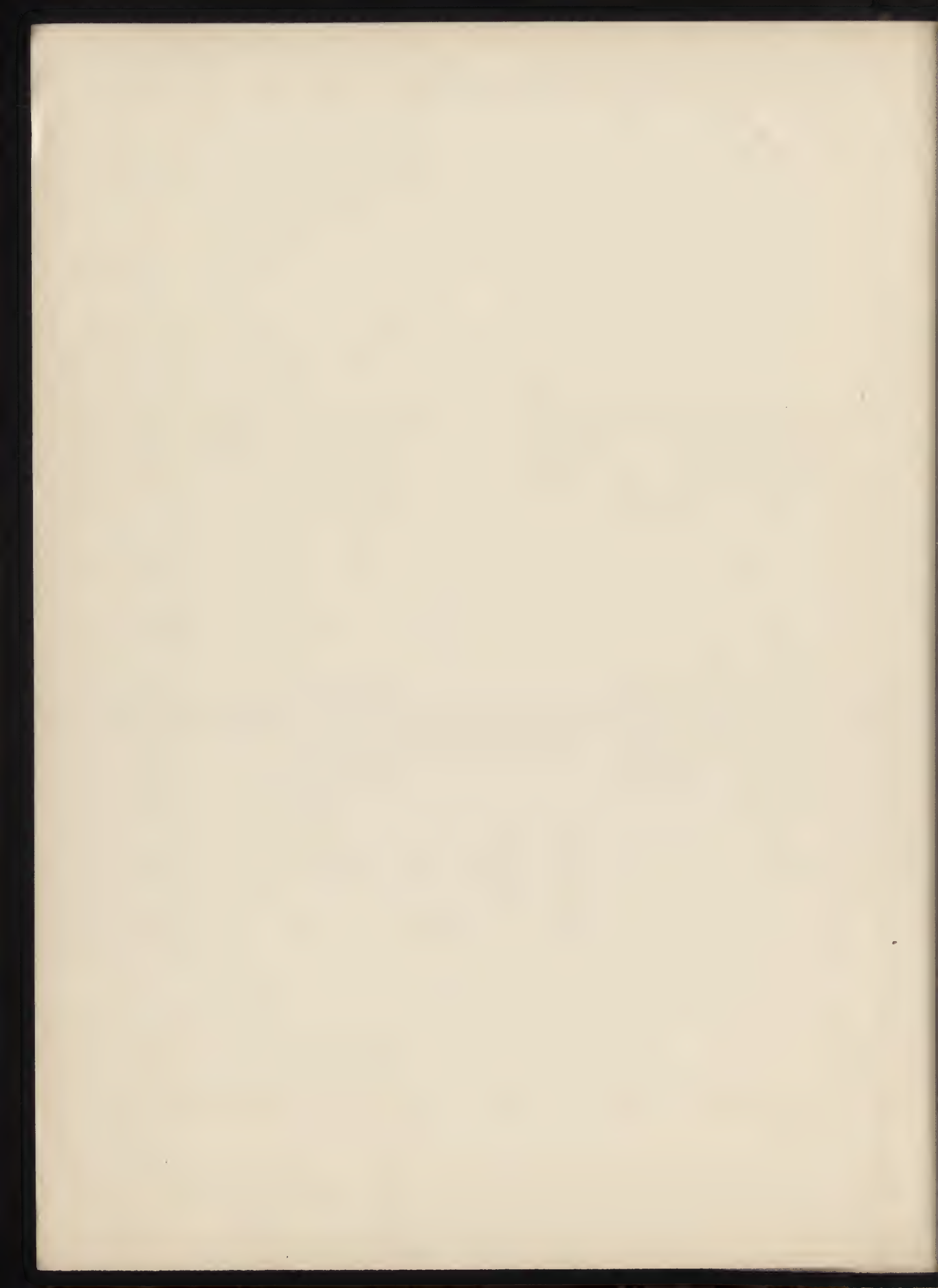


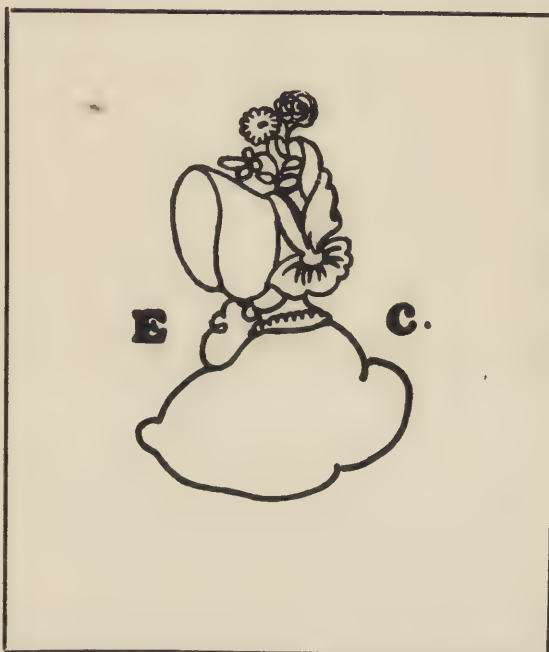
excitedly dancing round, shouting with laughter. Then he felt himself lifted from the ground and swung into the air. The man had caught him by the neck, and was swarming with him up the drain vent pipe. Bob saw the May blossoms and the roofs of the cottages down in the village, and clung to his two dolls, terror coming into him. In a minute they had reached the top. Peel let go with his hand, clipping tighter with his knees and feet, and brought the boy's little face level with his own. "You — young land fish," he shouted, "I'm going to do for you." The child's mouth grew tight, and his face was as white as lime. "Let me go, please," he said, "Why do you hurt me?" "Why do I hurt you?" mimicked the man in a tiny voice, emphasizing the H, "Why? Why, because you disobey your captain. Go in there—go in, go in," and he pushed the little lad's face and then his head far into the opening of the drain vent, and his cries for help to father and mother vibrated down the pipe and were buried in the ground. It began to rain, a short shower, which ended in a couple of minutes. The man started singing—a song of the sea—as he worked, tying the boy to the iron carefully but furiously with his long neck scarf. Then he lowered himself a couple of feet and reached up for the child's ankle by which he hung, crying out with his mouth close to the pipe, "You're there, safe enough—by God you are, you'll obey me next time, laddy;" and he slid to the ground in one rapid movement, and rolled on the grass. The touch of the firm earth seemed to muddle him. He picked himself up slowly and turned twice round, looking at himself, and vexed at a fresh rent in his only sleeve. Then he



struck the same worn out theatrical attitude, with his bare arm raised, and assumed the vain look of the hero. Then his brows contracted, and he looked up swiftly at the figure hanging high above him. ♣
“What are you up to, there? Come down!” One of the dolls fell from the boy’s breast on to the face of the man beneath. “Damn,” he spat out, rubbing his face, and he picked up the doll, looking puzzled, turned it over, and, after brushing it with his sleeve said gently, “Eh! Now that might ha’ got broke—the pretty baby—it would ha’ been a pity. Where did I get that now, I wonder?” and he shuffled down the road with the doll in his hands, amused at its face and hair, and trying to collect his thoughts. He showed the little thing with an awkward smile to the first man he met in the village, saying, “How the hell I came by this blasted toy, God only knows,” and he entered a tavern and drank. Before night he was arrested for the murder of Bobby Bridges. ♣ He was hanged. ♣ ♣
Poor devil—and the little Bob—poor little devil! This was the only way the Gods could invent for removing two beings whom they considered utterly unfitted for the place. The Gods are certainly not clever—lets hope at least that they are clean. *S.D.*





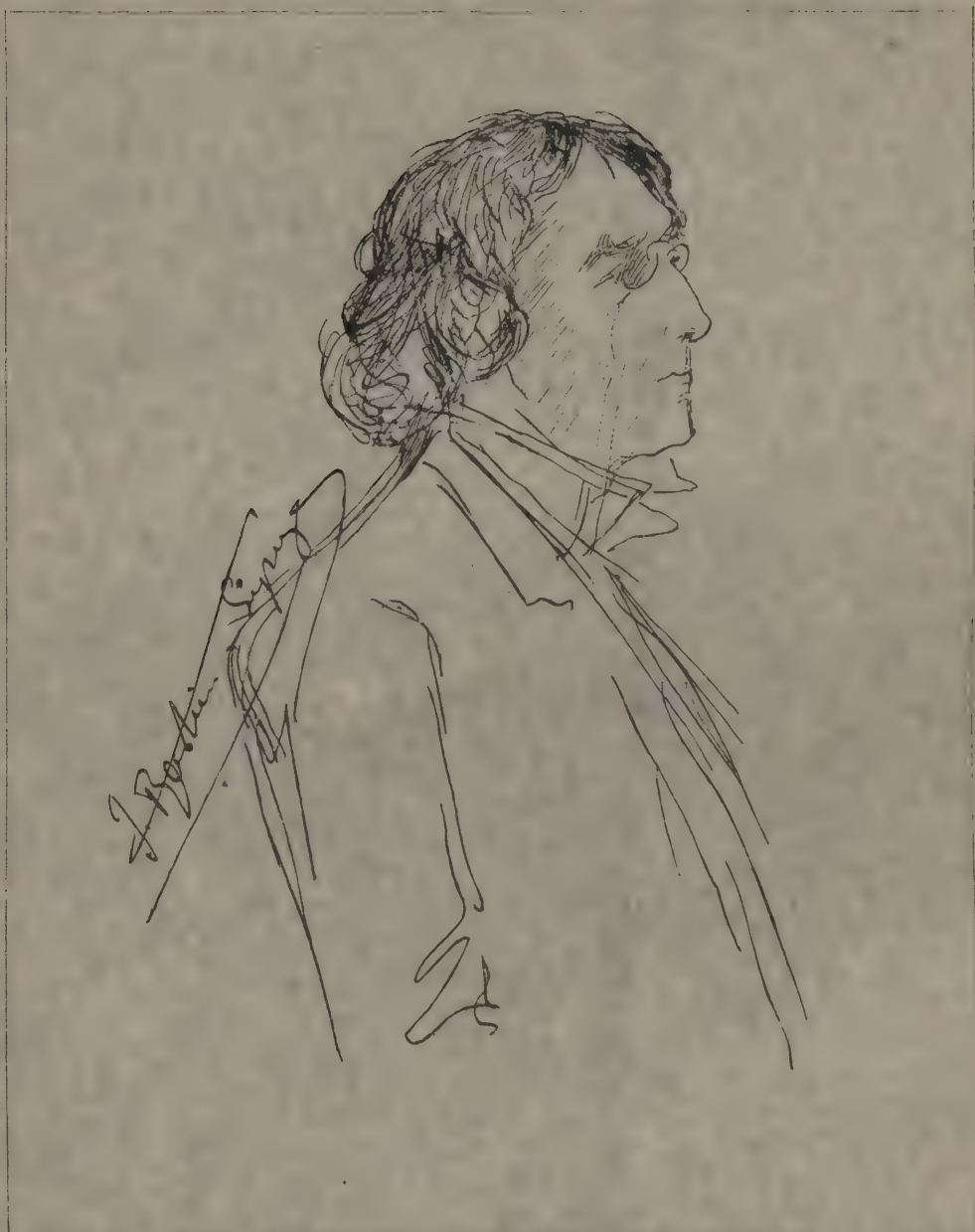


BOOKPLATE, THE PROPERTY OF MISS EDY CRAIG.

G.C.







SIR HENRY IRVING.

J. BASTIEN LEPAGE



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

J. BASTIEN LEPAGE.

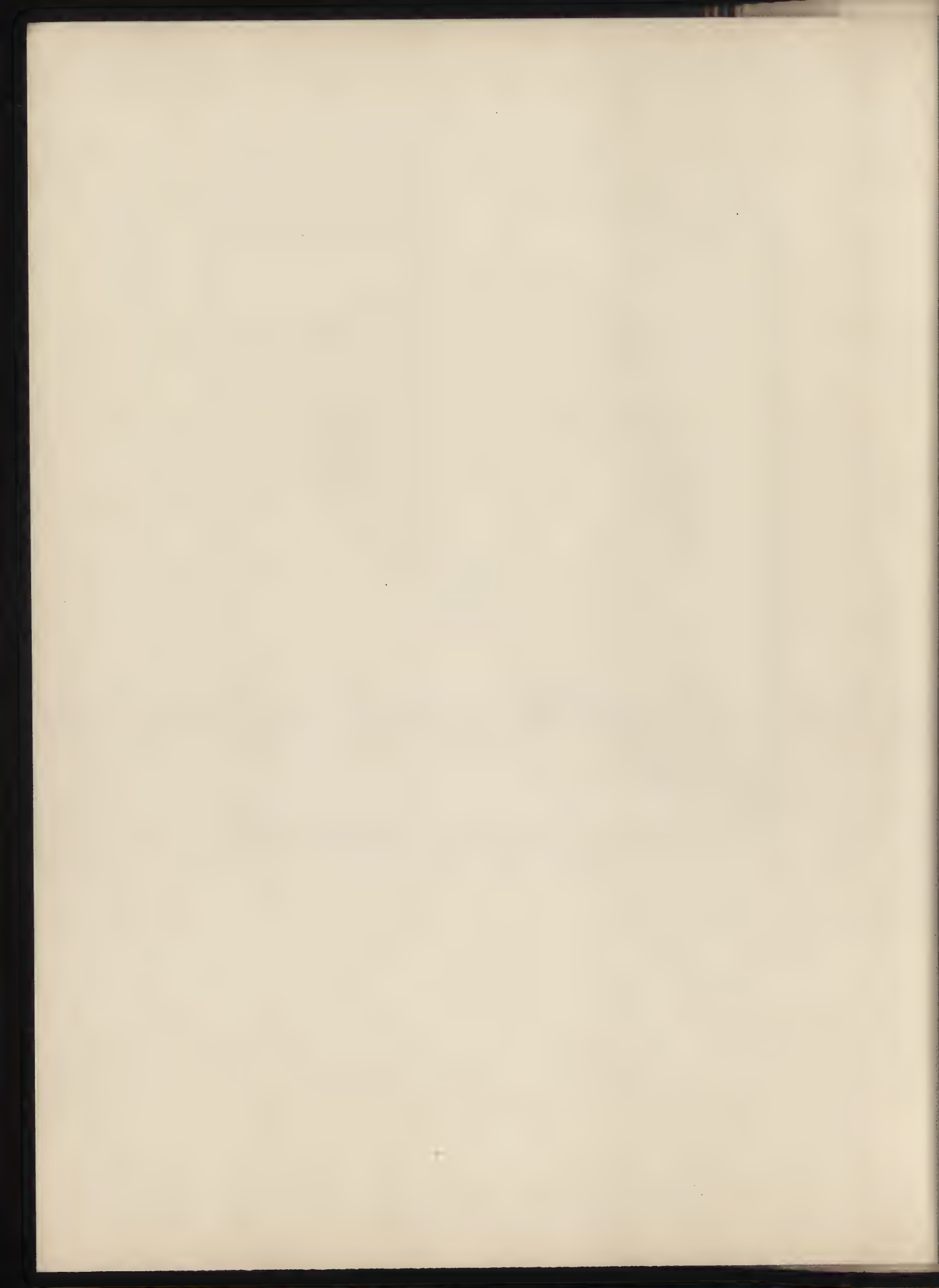






HOPE DEFERRED.

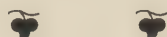
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.



❖ A TRAGEDY. ❖

Tight bound in garlands of roses,
Hearts thrill in passion's profusion,
Drenched in the perfumes of posies,
Oh Hours of Love—and Illusion.

Love, from white roses distilling
Mystic and subtle love-potion;
Scent of Red Roses is filling
Souls with idyllic emotion.

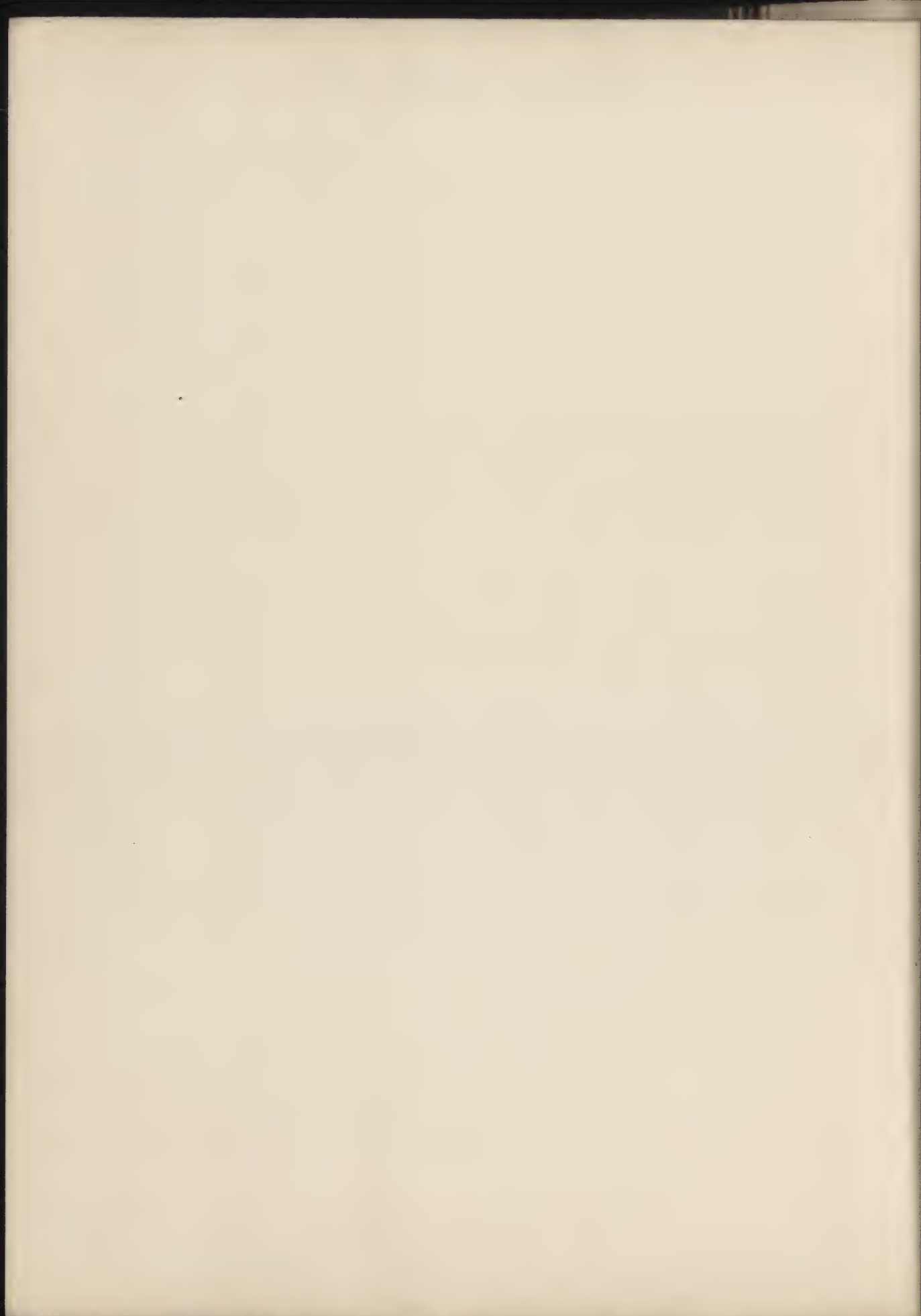


Broken the rose chains; Alack!
Sever'd and scattered each link;
White roses all blasted black,
And the red roses stink.

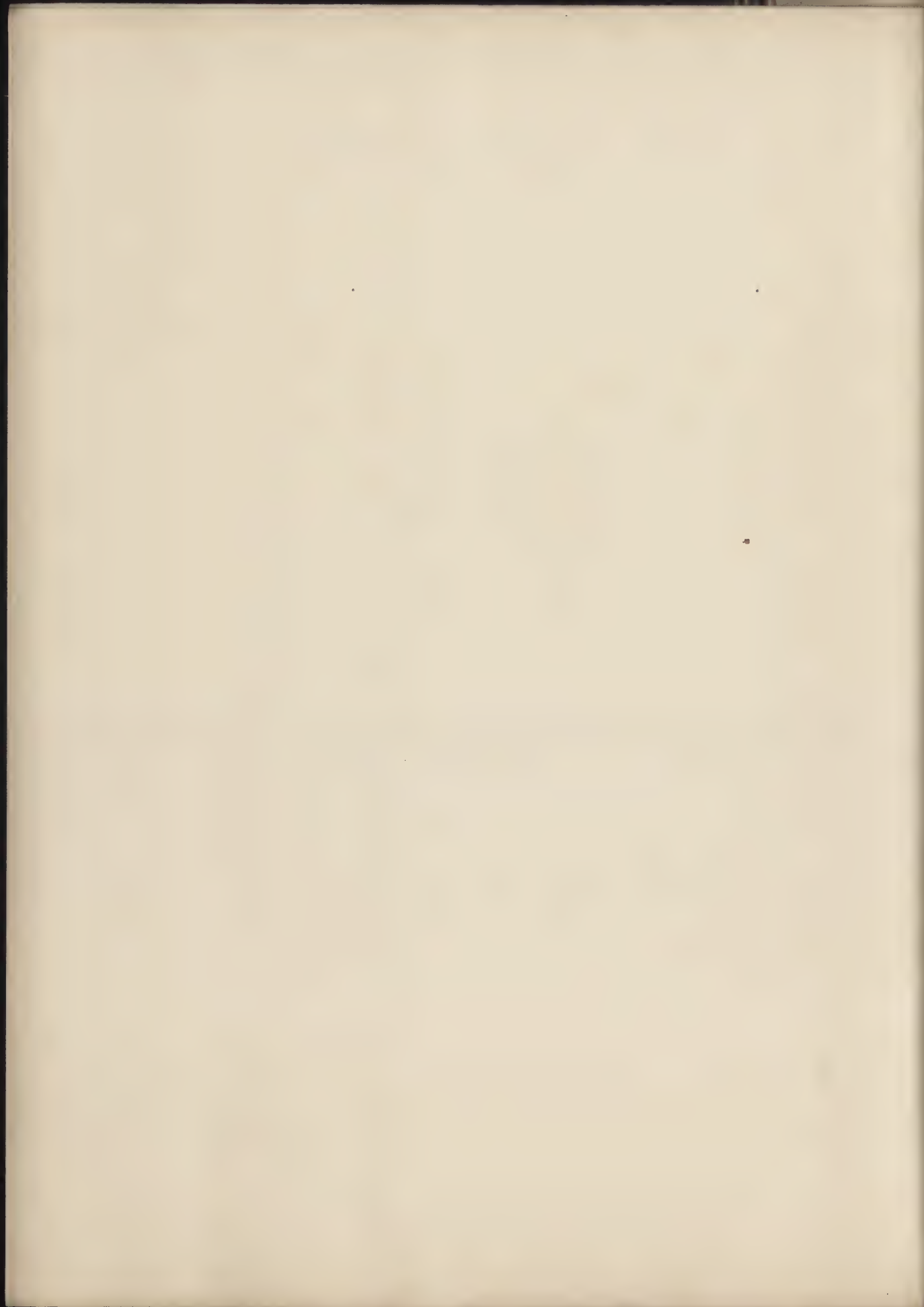


CONCERNING A PERFORMANCE OF A MYSTERY AT BANBERG. ♣

“THE end of a house or barn being taken away, a dark hole appeared hung with old tapestry, the wrong side outwards; a curtain running along and dividing the middle. On this stage the *Creation* was performed. A stupid looking Capuchin personated the Creator. He entered in a large full-bottomed wig, with a false beard, wearing over the rusty dress of his order a brocade morning gown, the lining of light blue silk being rendered visible occasionally by the pride that the wearer took to shew it, and he eyed his slippers of the same material with equal satisfaction. He first came on making his way through the tapestry, groping about, and purposely running his head against the posts, exclaiming with a sort of peevish authority, “Let there be light!” At the same time pushing the tapestry right and left, and disclosing a glimmer through linen cloths from candles placed behind them. ♣ The creation of the sea was represented by the pouring of water along the stage; and the making of dry land, by the throwing of mould. ♣ Angels are personated by girls and young priests habited in dresses hired from a masquerade shop, to which the wings of geese were clumsily attached near the shoulders. These angels actively assisted the character in the flowered dressing gown in producing the stars, moon, and sun. ♣ To represent winged fowl, a number of cocks and hens were fluttered about; and for other living creatures some cattle were driven on the stage, with a well-shod horse, and two pigs having rings in their noses. Soon after the pigs, Adam appeared.

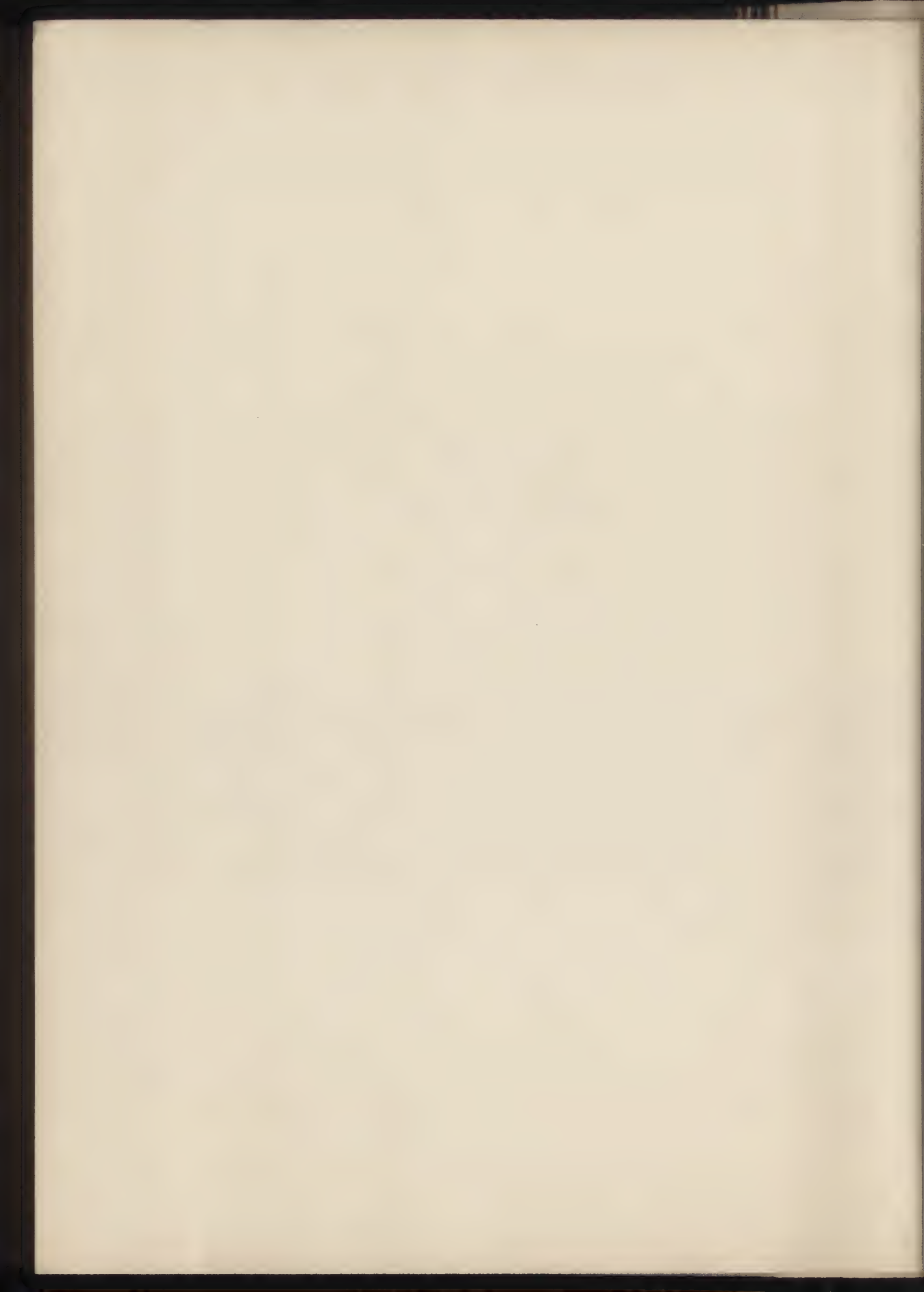


He was a great clumsy fellow in a strangely shaped wig, and being closely clad with a sort of coarse stocking, looked quite as grotesque as in the worst of the old woodcuts, and something like Orson, but not so decent. He stalked about wondering at everything, and was followed from among the beasts by a large ugly mastiff, with a brass collar on. When he reclined to sleep, preparatory to the production of Eve, the mastiff lay down by him. This occasioned some strife between the old man in brocade, Adam, and the dog, who refused to quit his post; nor would he move when the angels tried to turn him off. The performance proceeded to the supposed extraction of a rib from the dog's master, which being brought forwards and shewn to the audience, was carried back to be succeeded by Eve, who in order to seem rising from Adam's side, was dragged up from behind his back, through an ill-concealed and equally ill-contrived trap-door, by the performer in brocade. As he lifted her over, the dog, being trod upon, frightened her by a sudden snap so that she tumbled upon Adam. This obtained a hearty kick from an angel to the dog, who consoled himself by discovering the rib produced before, which being a beef-bone, he tried his teeth upon. Eve was personated by a priest of effeminate look, but awkward in form, with long locks composed of something like strands of rope, which hung stiffly down the back and were brought round to fasten in front below the waist. I am sorry I do not remember more of this strange performance, but I assure you that I did not perceive any risibility among the audience. 1783. ♣





BOOK PLATE OF MASTER CARL MICHAELIS. G.C.



ADRIENNE LE COUVREUR, BY
SAINTE BEUVE. *Done into English by J.E.*

THERE are names which live, and we speak of them as of something present; Héloïse, La Vallière, we all know them, but all are ready to hear of them again.

We always wish, we always hope to learn more. Splendor, romance, a life of sacrifice, of emotion, of tenderness, a touching misfortune; this is what clings to these poetic figures, and once transmitted and consecrated keeps them in the imagination of the ages for ever young.

And it is partly so with Adrienne Le Couvreur. She was the first actress in France who was honoured alike upon the stage and in the consideration of society. She was loved by the most brilliant warrior of her time, she inspired the greatest poet of that day with his most touching elegy. She was one of those who living had charm; and, what is given to very few, that nameless charm survives, we feel it still.

Adrienne was born about 1690 at Fimes, between Soissons and Reims. Her father a hat-maker by trade, brought his family to Paris in 1702, and lived in the faubourg Saint-Germain, not far from the *Comedie*. This neighborhood offered to the child a chance to strengthen a passion for the theatre which was born with her.

She first appeared in Paris during the spring of 1717, as *Monime* and as *Electre*, and from the start she showed herself an accomplished actress. It was openly said that she began where the great players left off.

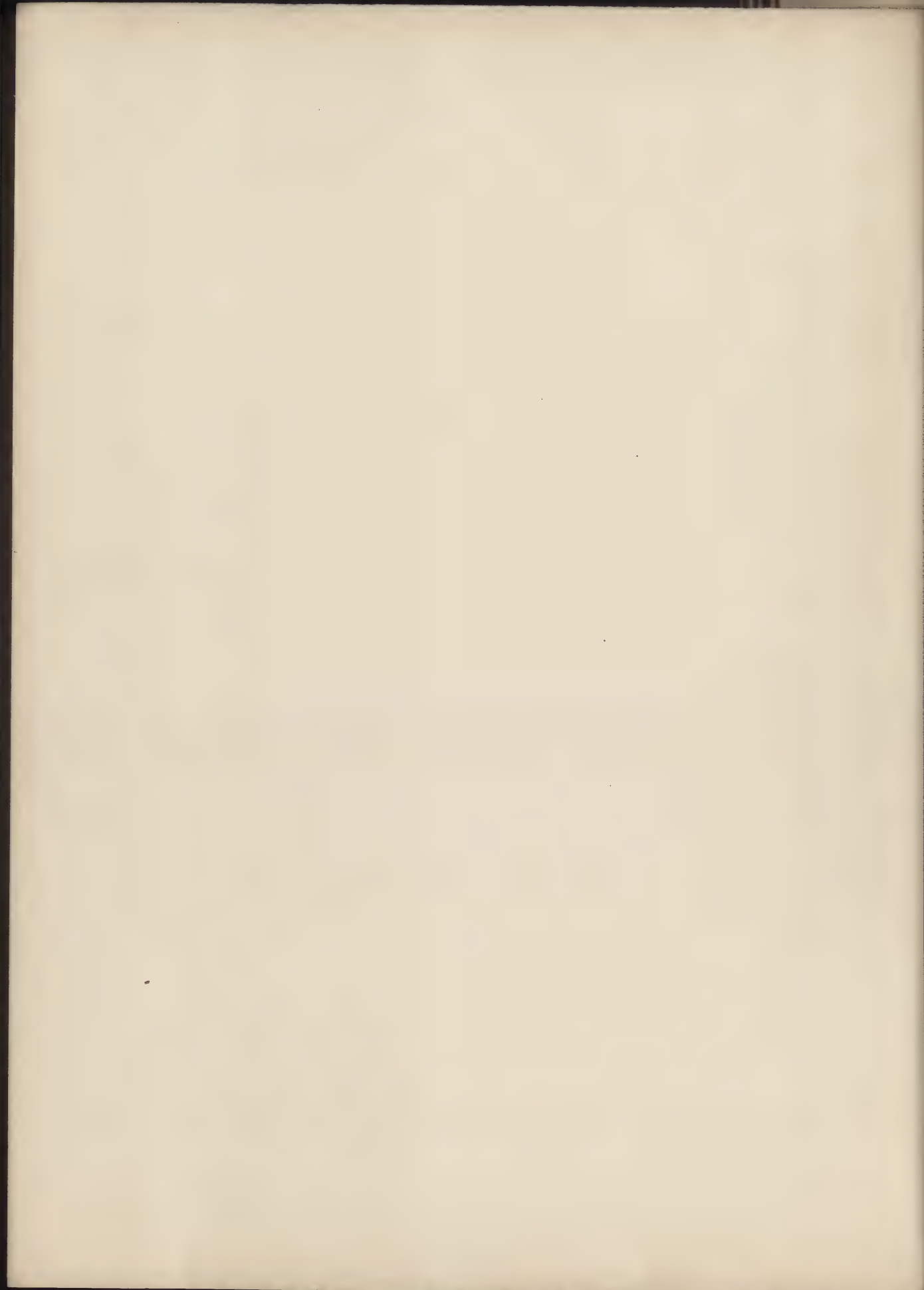


In an art which leaves so few traces it is difficult to do more than report the testimony of contemporaries, here the praises are unanimous, all go the same way. "To her the glory," says *Le Mercure*, (March, 1730) "of having introduced the simple, noble, natural speech and of having banished the song." She sought for more exactness and truth in costume. She, for example, was the first to wear court dresses when playing queens and princesses. On taking the queen's dress she took also the tone, that is she spoke naturally, without affectation, without feeling obliged, as did the others, to make up, by a show of solemnity, for what had till then lacked in costume. "It was like seeing a princess playing comedy for her pleasure."

☛ But her own domain, her incomparable glory, was the pathetic. She had the art of imbuing herself with great passions to the right degree to express them and to make them felt in all their force. Her voice instilled itself with justness, with fineness, she sustained even the feeble lines, and gave all their value to the greatest. ☛ ☛ ☛

Her tones were few, but she gave them with infinite variety, joined with inflections, outbursts, and something, I know not what, so expressive in her look, and in all her person, that it left nothing to be wished for. ☛ Never had anyone known so well the art of playing silent scenes, the art of listening, yet acting with all her power and expression while another talked. It does not appear that away from the stage her beauty was unusual or very striking, but it was complete, harmonious, natural. ☛

Le Mercure shows her "perfectly well made, with her medium height, a carriage noble and assured, her head and shoulders well placed, eyes full of fire,



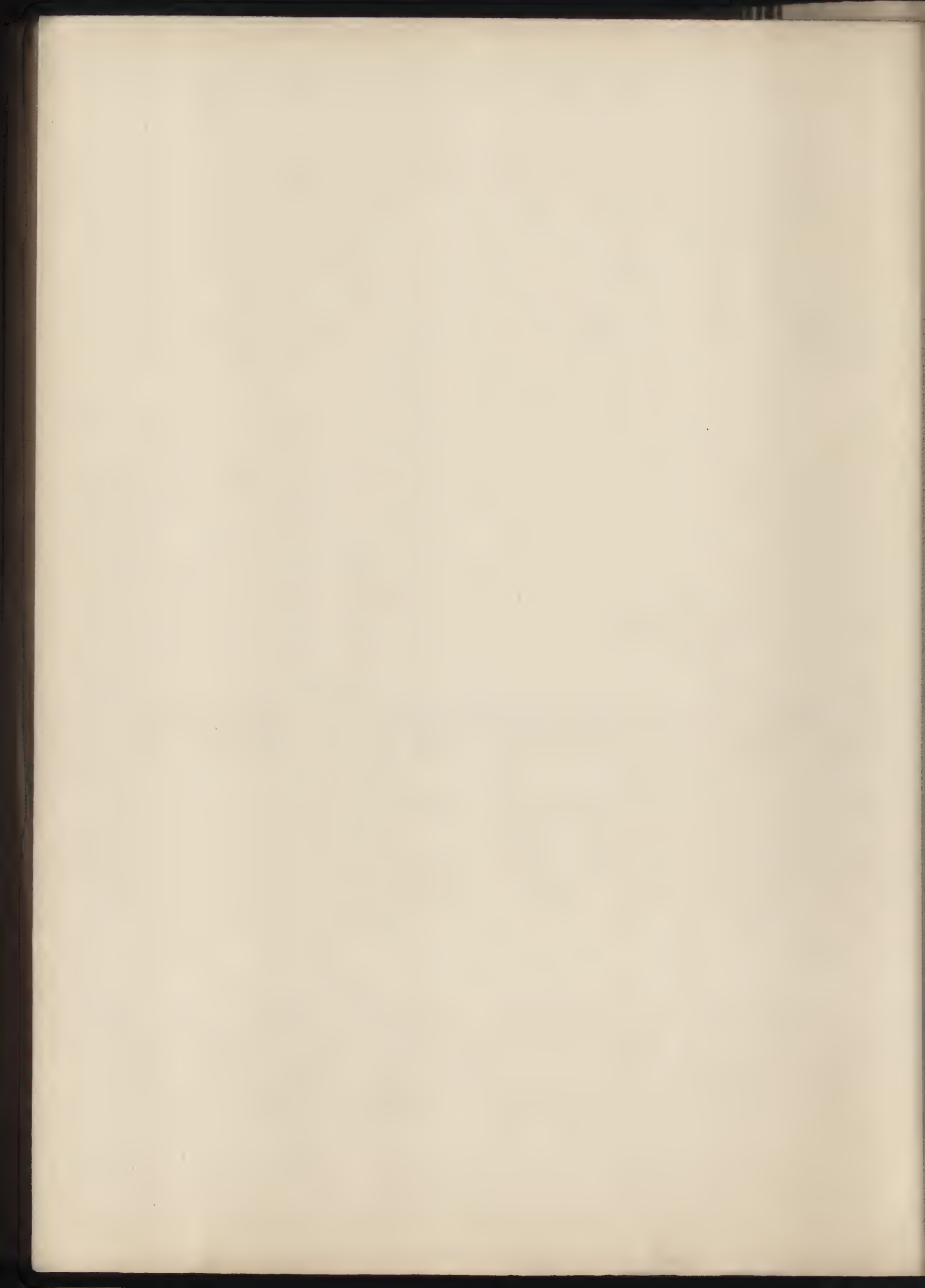
a beautiful mouth, a sweet graciousness in her air and manner with features well marked for expressing sorrow, joy, tenderness, terror, pity." ♣

A great soul, much tenderness, a constant study, a passionate love for her art, all helped to make her that ideal of a tragedian which until then had never been so far realised. ♣ She began without other

model than her taste, and she created. ♣ Loved passionately by the young d'Argental, she did everything to cure him—with nothing of that manner which serves but to excite and inflame what one pretends to fight against, her way was clear, loyal, without reserves, the "way of an honest man."

♣ She writes to him,—‘After all, you wish to be written to, in spite of all sorts of reasons, can it be that with so much cleverness, you are so little master of yourself? What can you gain from it, but the pleasure of subjecting me to most vexatious worries, to say nothing worse? Pitying you so much I am ashamed to quarrel with you, but you force me to it. Be, I pray you, more reasonable, and tell him you send to torment me, that I must breathe a little, for four days he has hardly left me time. When chance may bring us together, I can show you plainly enough the trouble you cause me, and you will admit that you are wrong. Poor child, you make me very sad. Good-bye.’ ♣ ♣

Having learned that the mother of d'Argental, Madame de Ferriol, thought of sending away her son, even of banishing him to Saint-Domingo, fearing lest he should think of marriage; Mademoiselle Le Couvreur did not hesitate to reassure her, going to meet Madame de Ferriol, but her reception giving her little encouragement to speak, she wrote to her,

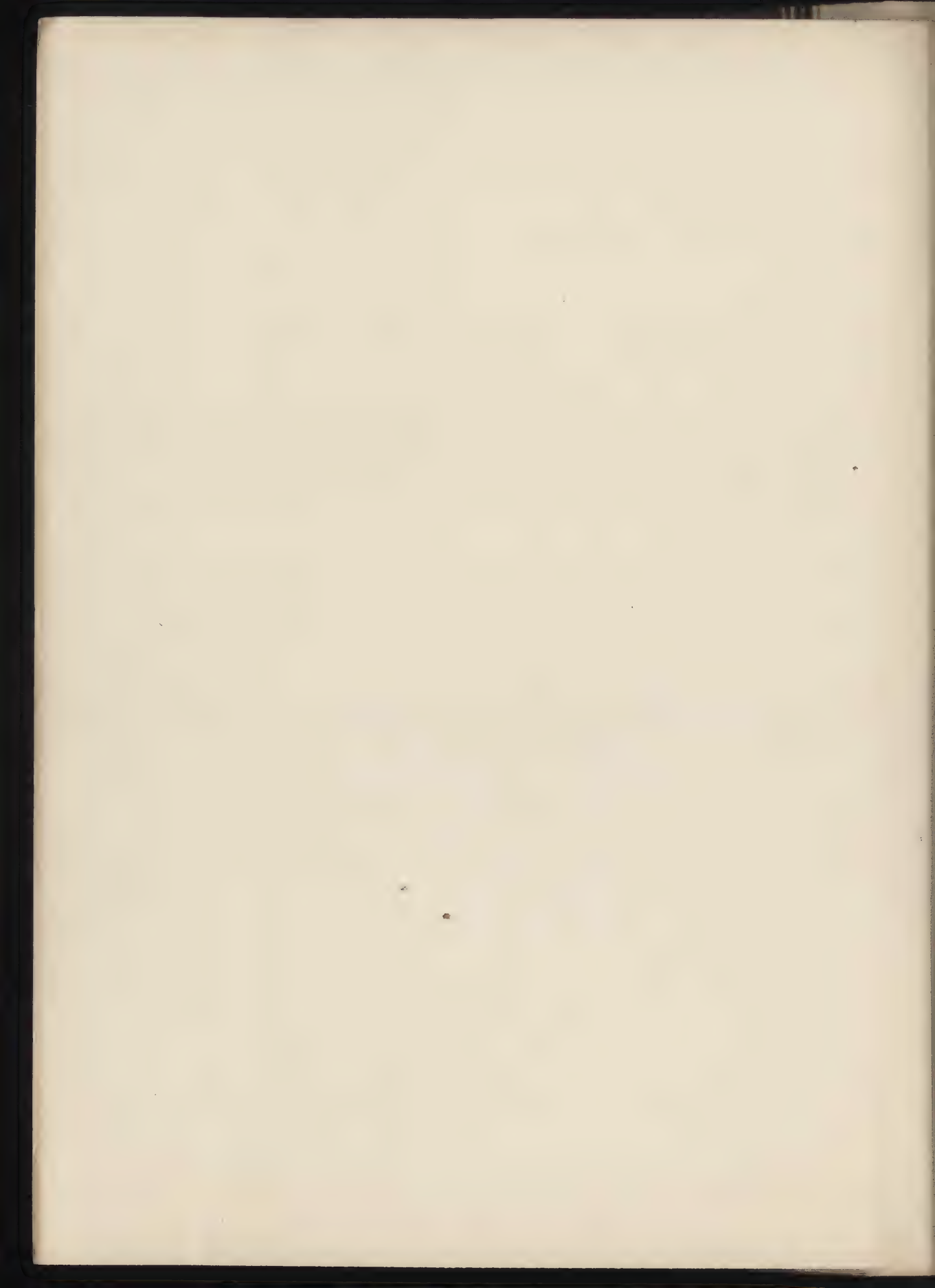


a letter noble in tone, admirable in sentiment, and like a woman who would reconcile every natural duty with the conventions of society. In writing this letter, inspired by her heart, she does not suspect the lofty moral stand she takes, and it is high indeed, most of all when one considers to whom it was addressed—to a woman of whom it is enough to say that she was a worthy sister of Madame de Tencin. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Paris, 23rd March, 1721. Madame: I cannot learn without distress of your anxiety, and the plans which that anxiety causes you to make. ♣ I might say besides, that it gives me equal sorrow to know that you blame my conduct, but I write, not so much to justify that, as to protest, for the future, in what concerns you, it shall be as you prescribe. I asked permission to see you on Tuesday that I might speak to you in confidence, and ask for your commands, but your reception destroyed my zeal, and I found myself with nothing left but timidity and sadness. But you ought to know my true feelings, and if I may say more, if you would not lose your son you must deign to listen to my very humble remonstrance. ♣ I never saw in all my life so respectful a child, nor so honest a man—if he were not yours you would admire him. ♣ Again Madame, vouchsafe to join with me in trying to overcome this weakness which vexes you so much, and in which I have no share—say what you will. Show him neither scorn nor bitterness, I would take upon myself all his hate, in spite of my tender friendship and esteem, rather than expose him to the smallest temptation to be lacking towards you. ♣ You are too much interested in his recovery not to work for it with care, but



too much also to succeed alone, and above all in fighting his feelings with authority, or by painting me in colors too unkind, even were they true. For this love must indeed be unusual since it has endured for so long, with no hope, in the midst of mortifications, in spite of the journeys you have forced him to make, and eight months in Paris without seeing me, at least at my home, and without knowing if I would ever in my life receive him. ♣ I had thought him cured, and it was that which led me to see him when I was lately ill. It is easy to believe that intercourse with him would please me infinitely, were it not for this unhappy passion, which astonishes as much as it flatters me, but of which I will not take advantage. ♣ You fear that seeing me he may forget his duty, and you carry this fear so far as to take violent measures against him. Truly, Madame, it is not right that he should be unhappy in so many ways, add nothing to my injustice, rather try to make up for it, let all his resentment fall on me, but let your kindness comfort him. ♣ I will write to him what you please, if it is your wish, I will never see him again, I will even go away if you think it best, but do not threaten to send him to the end of the world, he can be useful to his country, he will be the delight of his friends, he will be your glory—your gratification, you have only to guide his talents, let his virtues go their own way. Forget for the time that you are his mother, if that relation is contrary to the kindness that, on my knees, I beg of you for him. ♣ Finally Madame, you shall see me withdraw from the world, or else return his love, rather than suffer that in future he should be tormented by me and for me. ♣ ♣



Monsieur d'Argental knew nothing of this letter at the time it was written. It was not until sixty years after, when he was more than eighty years old, that one day, among some of his mother's old papers it came to light; he read it, and only then knew all the heart of the friend he had lost. ♣

Mademoiselle Le Couvreur was not alone a person of talent, she was distinguished by intelligence, by heart, by the most serious qualities. Placed as she was she had need of them to extricate herself from the low condition, socially, which the comedian still occupied at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

♣ Mademoiselle Le Couvreur was the first, not to protest, but (what was worth more) to work softly a revolution by the charm of her influence. ♣

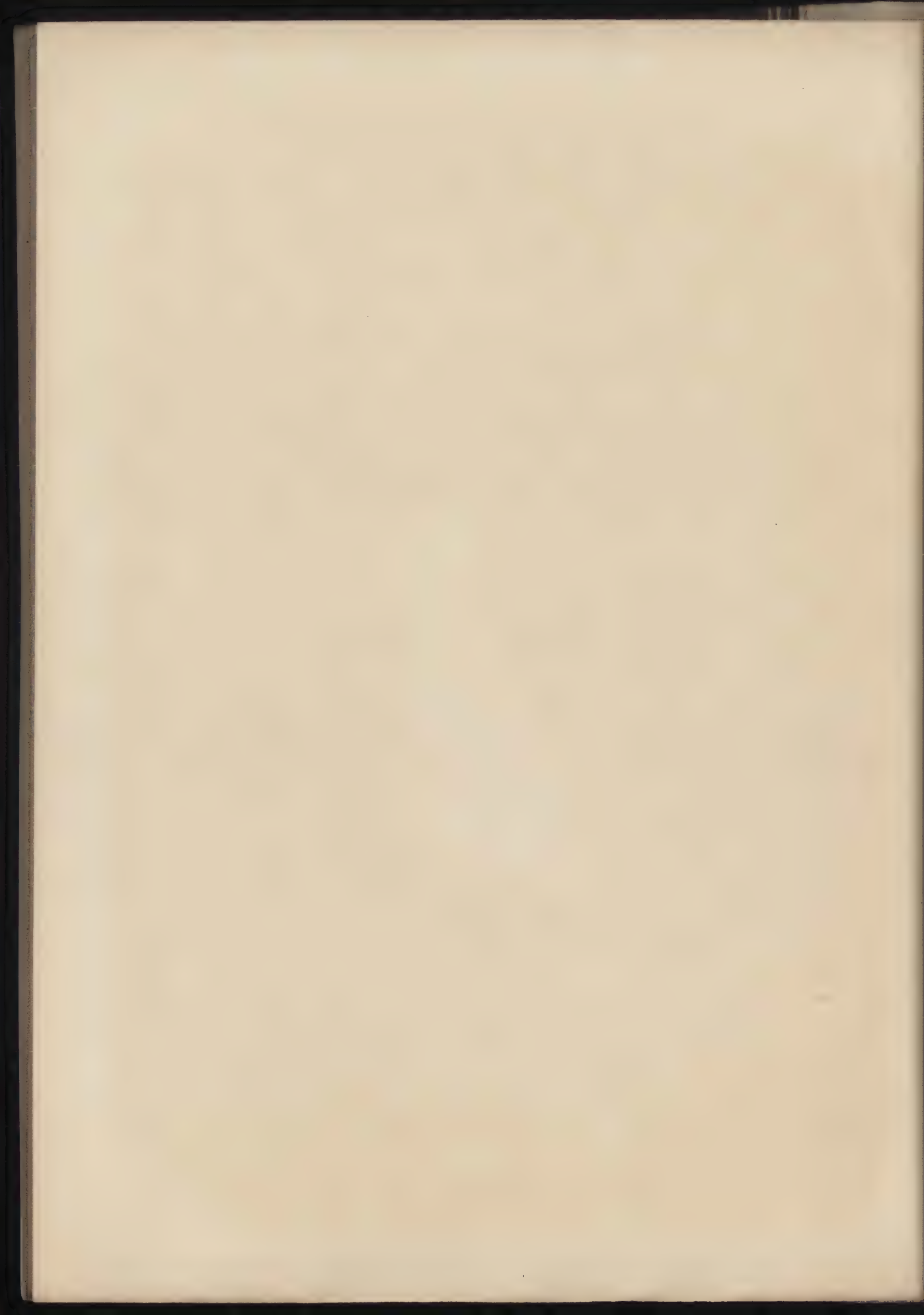






CARICATURE OF MR. MAX BEERBOHM

WILL ROTHENSTEIN





CARICATURE OF MR. WILL ROTHENSTEIN.

MAX BEERBOHM.

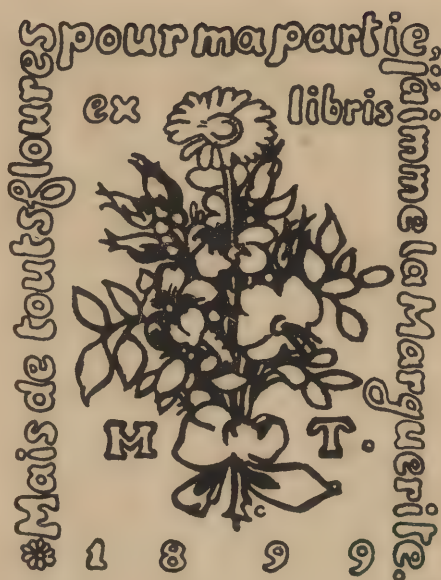


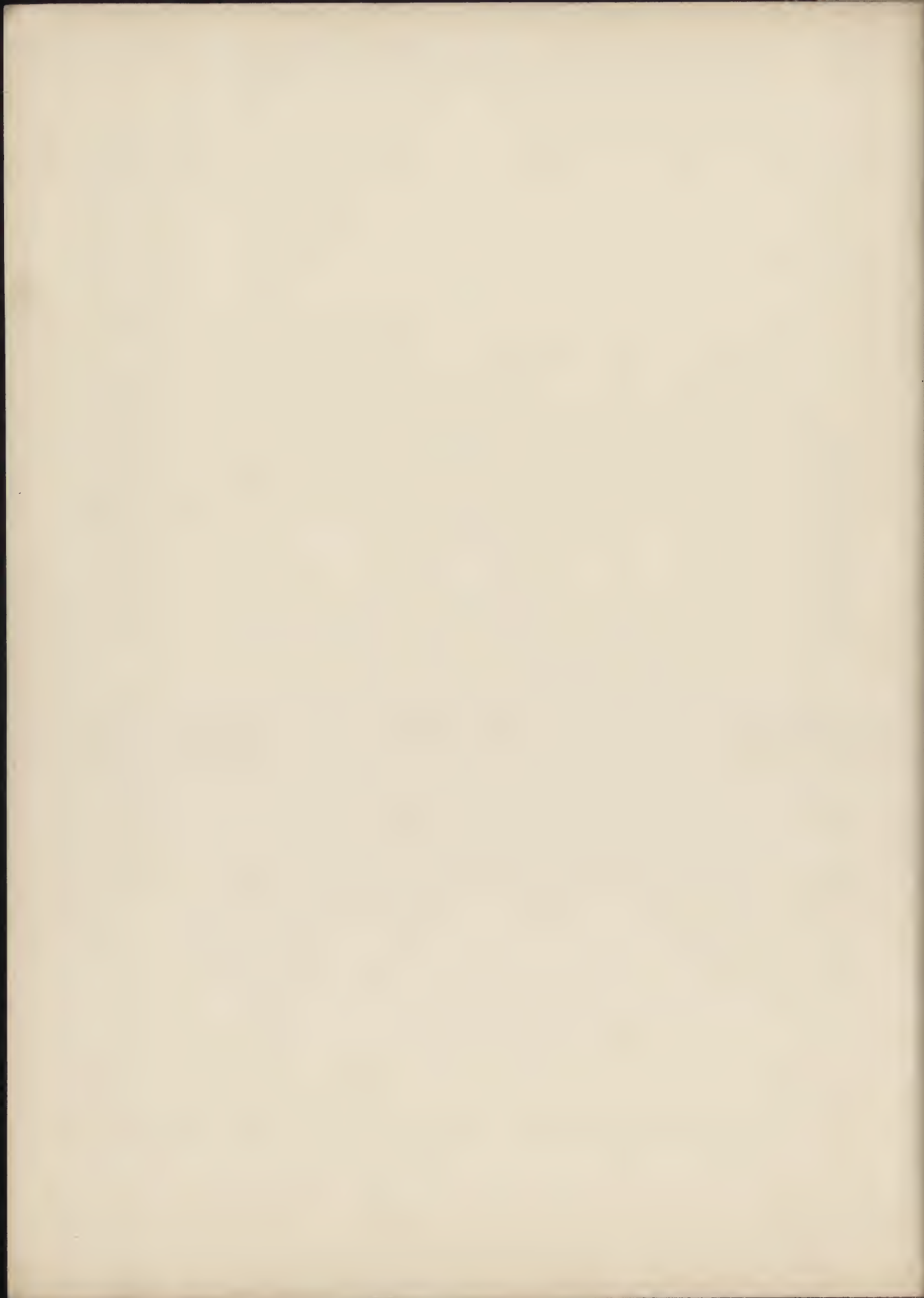


A POSTER.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY EDITH AND GORDON CRAIG.







A BALLADE BY FROISSART.

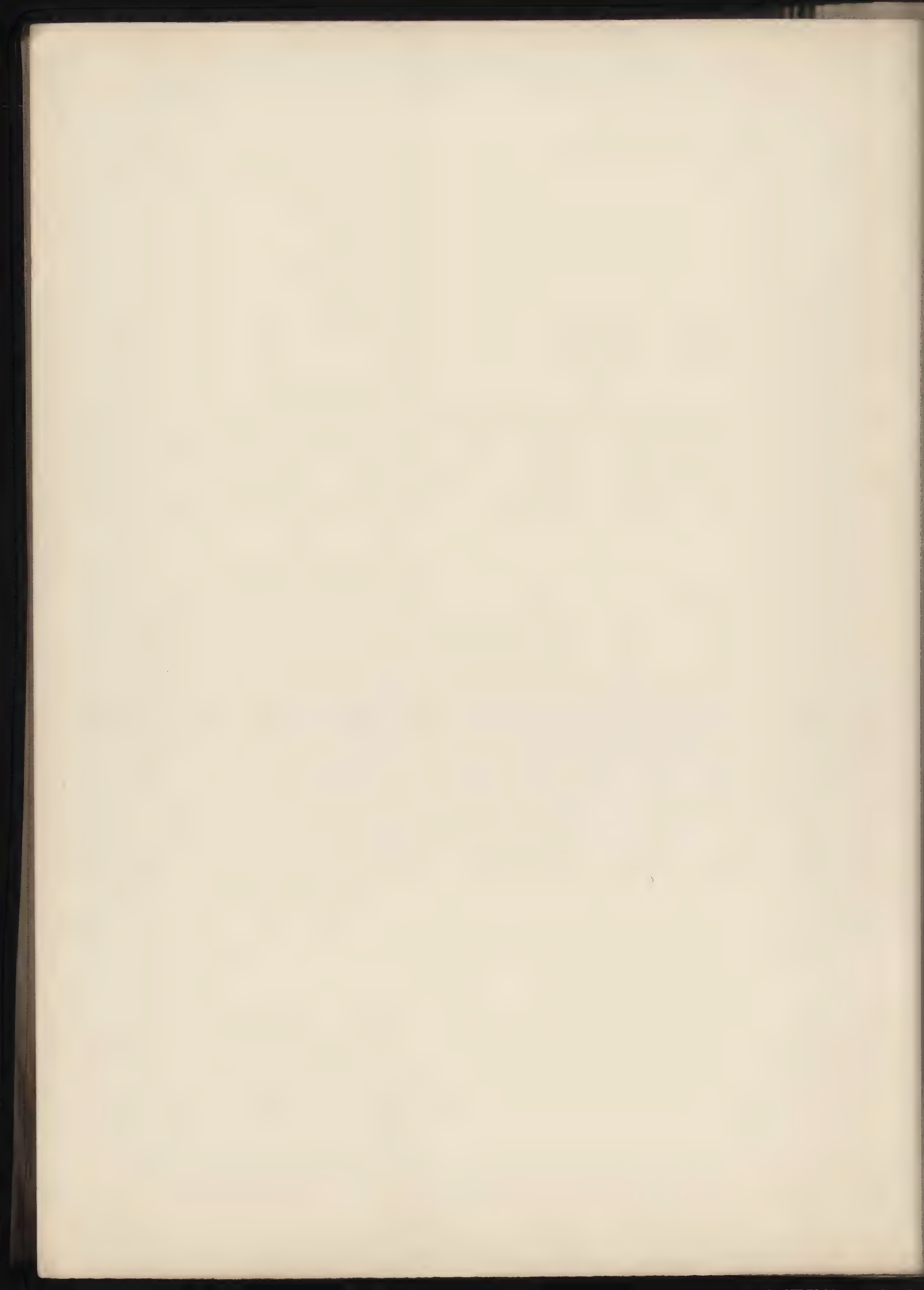
DONE INTO ENGLISH BY C. ST. JOHN. ♣

First of all flowers men ever rank the rose,
And in the violet next take the most delight.
Fair is the lily, and the pale primrose,
The iris and the glistening aconite;
And many love the clove-pinks freaked with red,
The pæony and poppy with bowed head.
Each flower some charm peculiar hath to it,
But to the *Daisy* still my heart is wed,
And of all flowers this flower's my favourite.



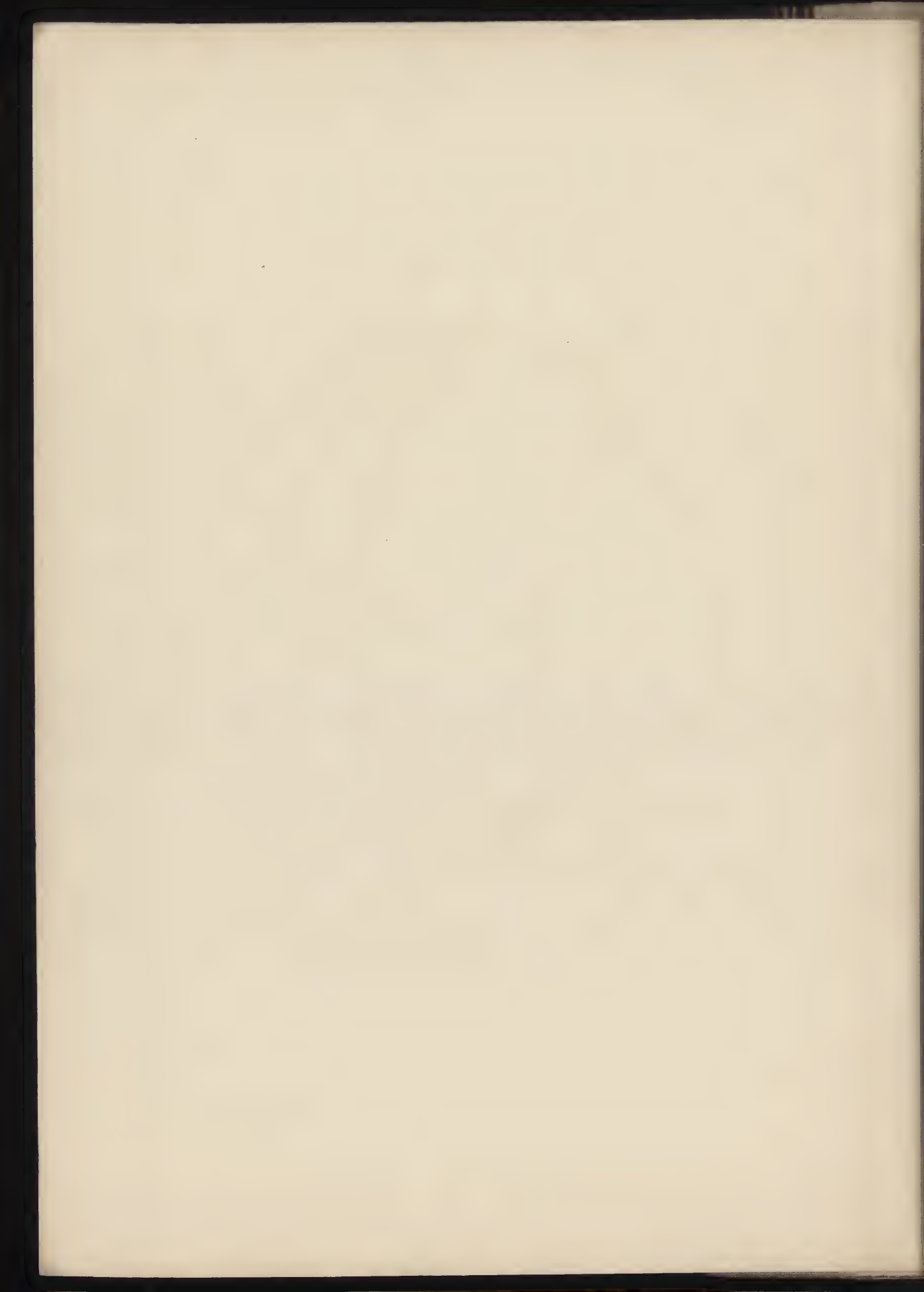
For in all weathers—if it rains or snows,
No matter if the day be dull or bright,
This little flower as sweet and winsome shows
With its same crown of leaves, crimson and white;
With petals folded or with disc full spread.
It never aileth or looks drooped or dead,
Goodness and meekness in its face are writ;
And therefore to the *Daisy* my heart's wed
And of all flowers this flower's my favourite.





Yet this dear theme awaketh many woes
In my poor heart that weeps her piteous plight,
Whom stubborn turret and steep moat enclose,
That I may not come near her day or night.
But if kind Love would but my cause bestead,
No wall embattled should my way impede,
Nor stern portcullis hinder me a whit
From ever saying what I've ever said,
That of all flowers this flower's my favourite.







A Poster.

O STAR OF FRANCE. ♣ FROM
LEAVES OF GRASS, BY WALT
WHITMAN. ♣ 1870=71. ♣ ♣
REPRINTED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION. ♣

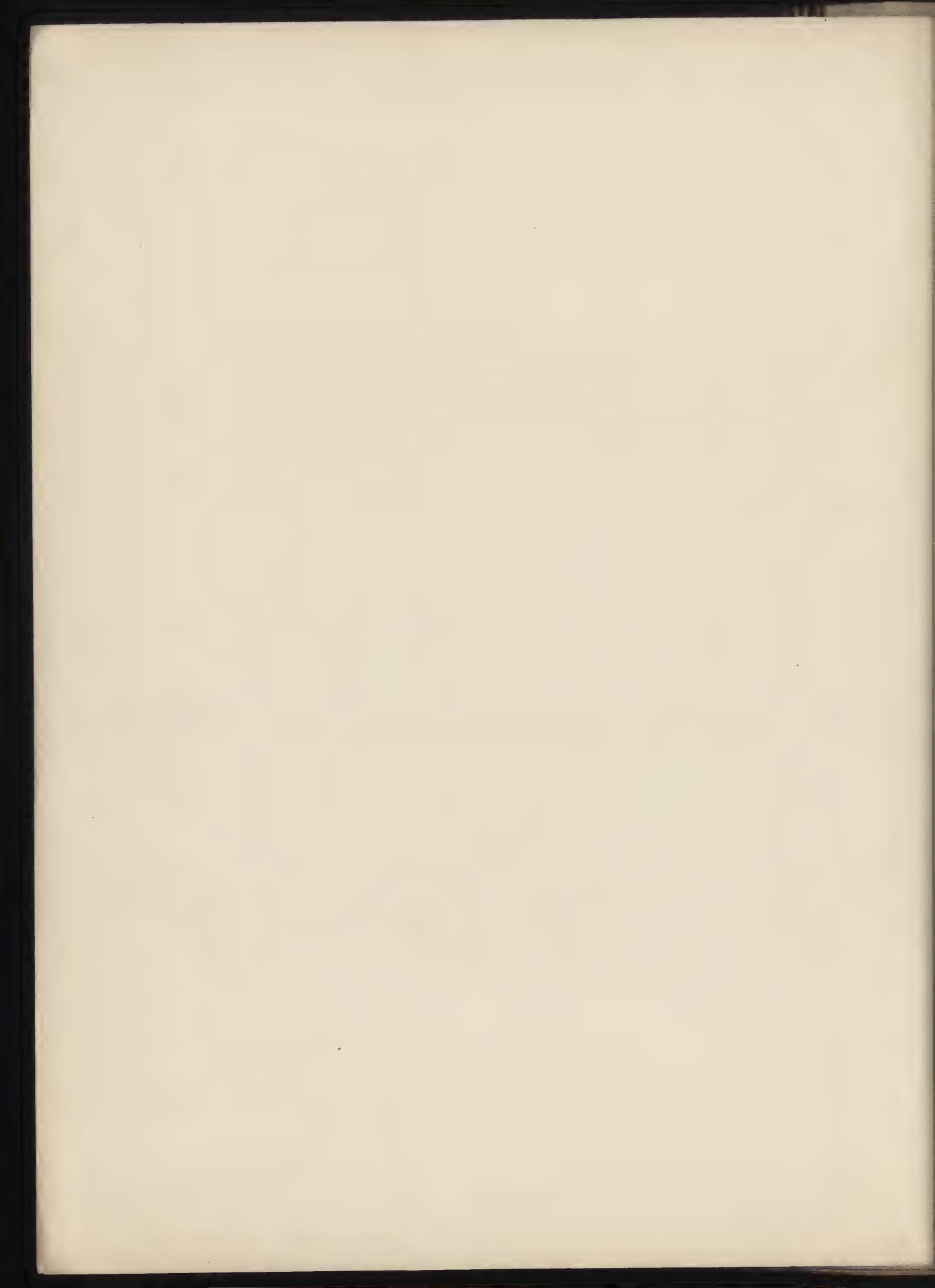
O Star of France,
The brightness of thy hope and strength and fame,
Like some proud ship that led the fleet so long,
Beseems to-day a wreck driven by the gale, a mastless
hulk,
And 'mid its teeming madden'd half-drown'd crowds,
Nor helm nor helmsman.

Dim smitten star,
Orb not of France alone, pale symbol of my soul, its
dearest hopes,
The struggle and the daring, rage divine for liberty,
Of aspirations toward the far ideal, enthusiast's dreams
of brotherhood.
Of terror to the tyrant and the priest.

Star crucified—by traitors sold,
Star panting o'er a land of death, heroic land,
Strange, passionate, mocking, frivolous land.

Miserable ! yet for thy errors, vanities, sins, I will not
now rebuke thee,
Thy unexampled woes and pangs have quelled them all,
And left thee sacred.

In that amid thy many faults thou ever aimed'st highly,
In that thou wouldst not really sell thyself however
great the price,
In that thou surely wakedst weeping from thy drugg'd
sleep,



In that alone among thy sisters thou, giantess, didst
 rend the one that shamed thee,
In that thou couldst not, would'st not, wear the usual
 chains,
This cross, thy livid face, thy pierced hands and feet,
The spear thrust in thy side.

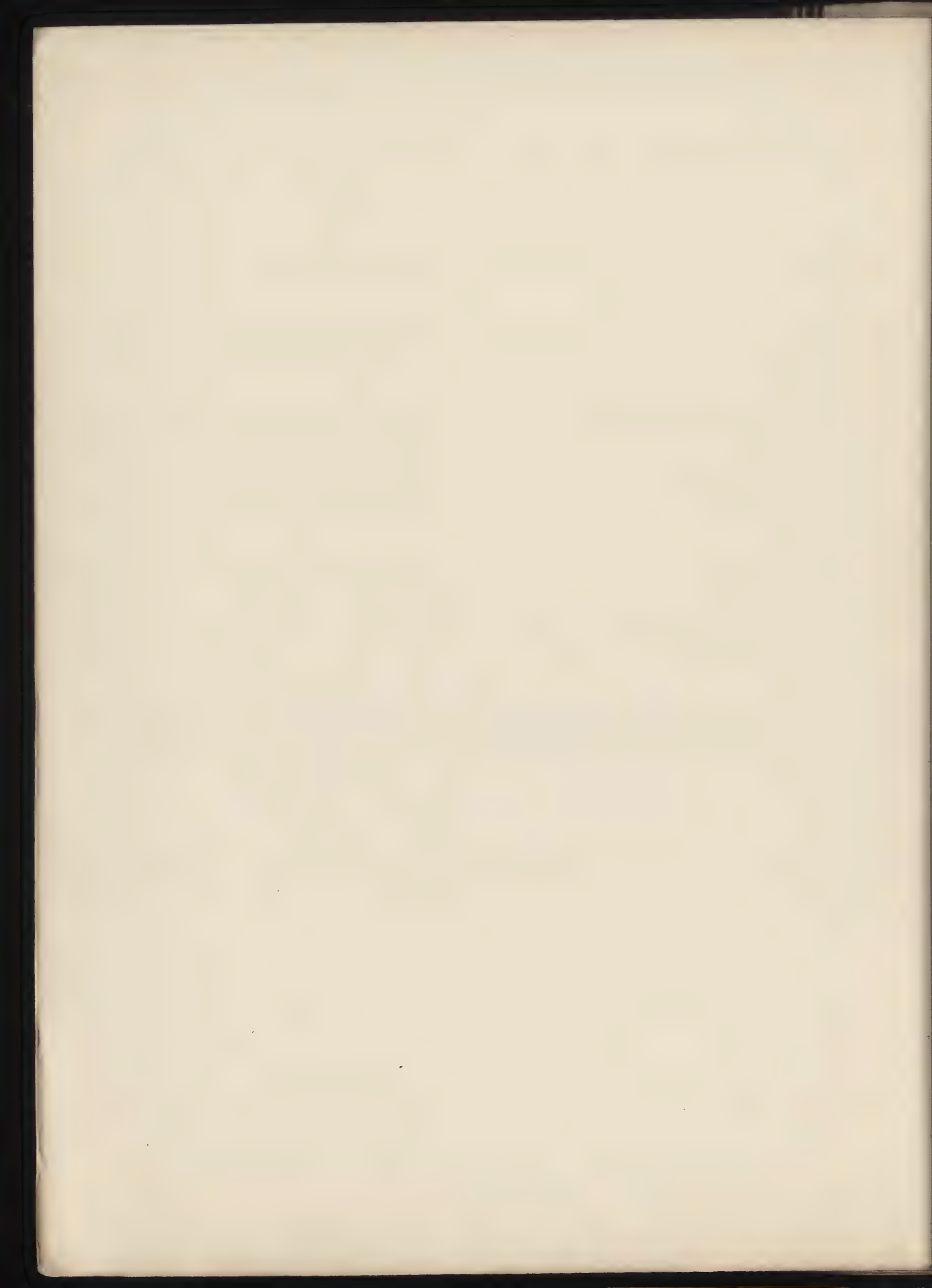
O star! O ship of France, beat back and baffled long!
Bear up O smitten orb! O ship continue on!

Sure as the ship of all, the Earth itself,
Product of deathly fire and turbulent chaos,
Forth from its spasms of fury and its poisons,
Issuing at last in perfect power and beauty,
Onward beneath the sun following its course,
So thee O ship of France!

Finish'd the days, the clouds dispell'd,
The travail o'er, the long-sought extrication,
When lo! reborn, high o'er the European world,
(In gladness answering thence, as face afar to face,
 reflecting ours Columbia)

Again thy star O France, fair lustrous star,
In heavenly peace, clearer, more bright than ever,
Shall beam immortal.





CONCERNING THE PAGE AND ITS STAFF OF ONE. ♣ More Press Notices—

London, Paris, Boston, Antwerp, San Francisco. ♣

BLACK AND WHITE, LONDON.—The real beauty and interest of Mr. Gordon Craig's Periodical, *The Page*, cannot be denied . . . surely to be thanked for reviving the delightful woodcut illustrations of the earlier days. ♣

THE SKETCH, LONDON.—I congratulate Mr. Gordon Craig on the new series of *The Page*. The present number (No. 2, '99) contains some striking specimens of Mr. Craig's woodcuts, both in black and white and in colours (put in by the hand, mark you). *The Page* is the quaintest journal I know. ♣

SOUTH AFRICA, LONDON.—*The Page*, a unique magazine, is got up in quaint old-fashioned style . . . contains some admirable work: ♣

THE WHITEHALL REVIEW, LONDON.—A copy of that unique, artistic, and interesting publication *The Page*, reaches us from the Sign of the Rose, Hackbridge. It is a delightful publication—distinctly original and clever. Mr. Craig deserves great encouragement, not only for his artistic woodcuts, but for the highly cultured manner in which he edits his promising magazine. ♣

LA FRONDE, PARIS.—Of all magazines which have appeared of late there is one which deserves particular notice. It is called *The Page*, and is altogether the most unique, original, and artistic publication of to-day. . . . The most remarkable of these woodcuts are those by Mr. Gordon Craig himself. ♣

WHITEHALL REVIEW, LONDON.—Mr. Gordon Craig . . . has a genius for portraiture ♣

SAN FRANCISCO, AMERICA.—*The Page* is a new and attractive miscellany. The illustrations are uncommonly clever. ♣

THE BOSTON TIMES, AMERICA.—*The Page* is an admirable magazine with a staff of one. . . . It is certainly a most artistic work. I find the pictures to be worthy of high praise. This lovely and unique magazine . . . contains the only original drawing Sir Henry Irving ever made. It is a masterpiece. ♣

CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL, CANADA.—*The Page* is a publication of peculiar interest to book lovers. ♣

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DUNDEE.—*The Page* is such a production that connoisseurs would rave over. ♣

THE GAZETTE, MONTREAL.—The reader who likes originality and courage will find a good deal to admire. ♣

BRISTOL.—An exquisitely produced quarterly. ♣





ANNOUNCEMENT.

MISS EDITH CRAIG has the pleasure to announce that she has made arrangements for undertaking the designing and execution of *Theatrical Costumes*.

The making of each particular Dress will be personally superintended by *Miss Craig*, and no detail, however trifling, will be overlooked. *Miss Craig* believes that it is only in this way that an entirely correct and perfect result can be obtained.

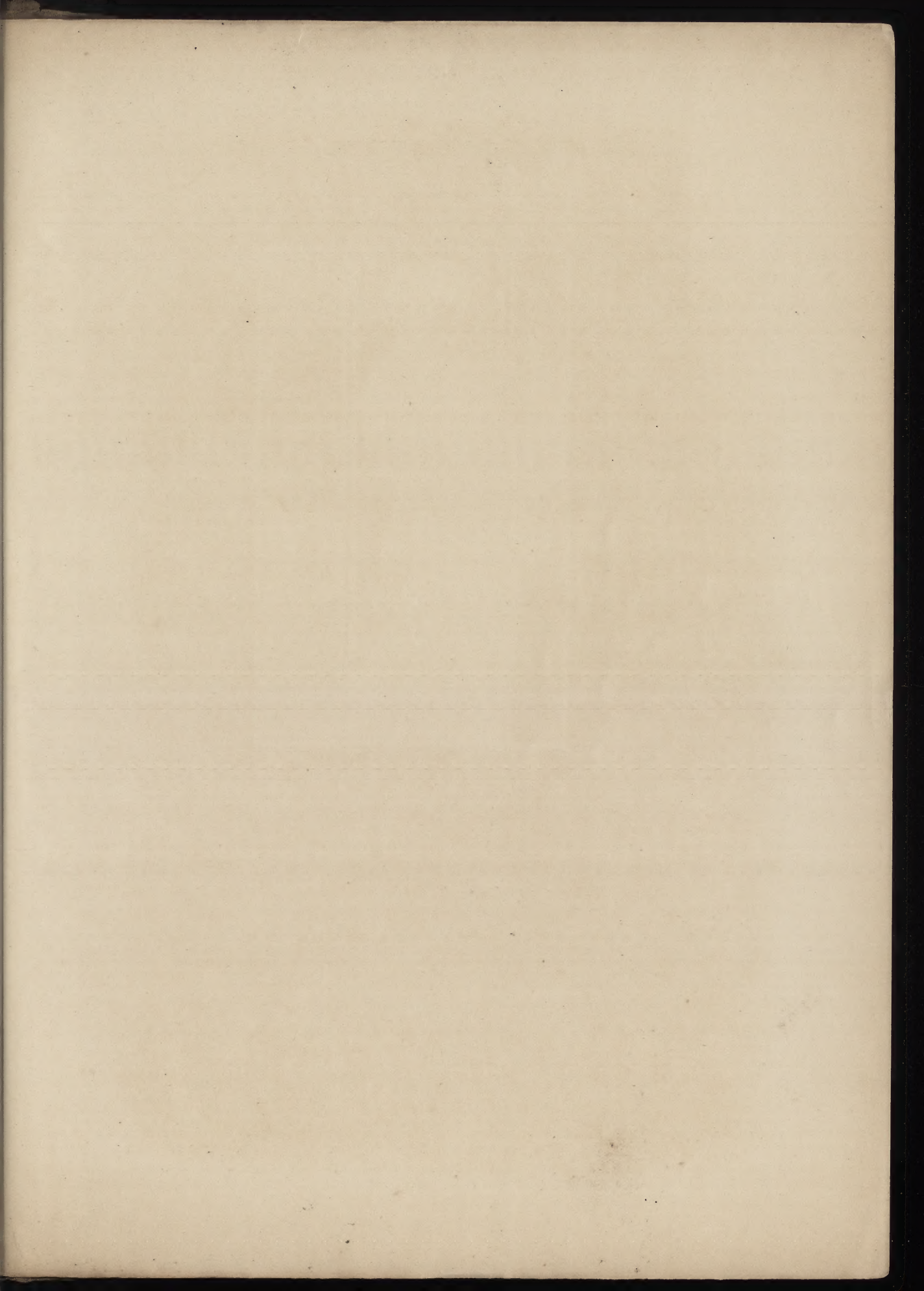
This has been practically demonstrated in the recent production of *Robespierre* at the *Lyceum Theatre*, nearly all the costumes having been designed by *Miss Craig* and carried out by her special staff of skilled work-women. Correct designs of any period for capes, cloaks, skirts, muffs, gloves, headgear, collars, and every particular, can be submitted, and the very lowest estimates given. *Miss Edith Craig*, 15, Barton Street, Westminster, London.

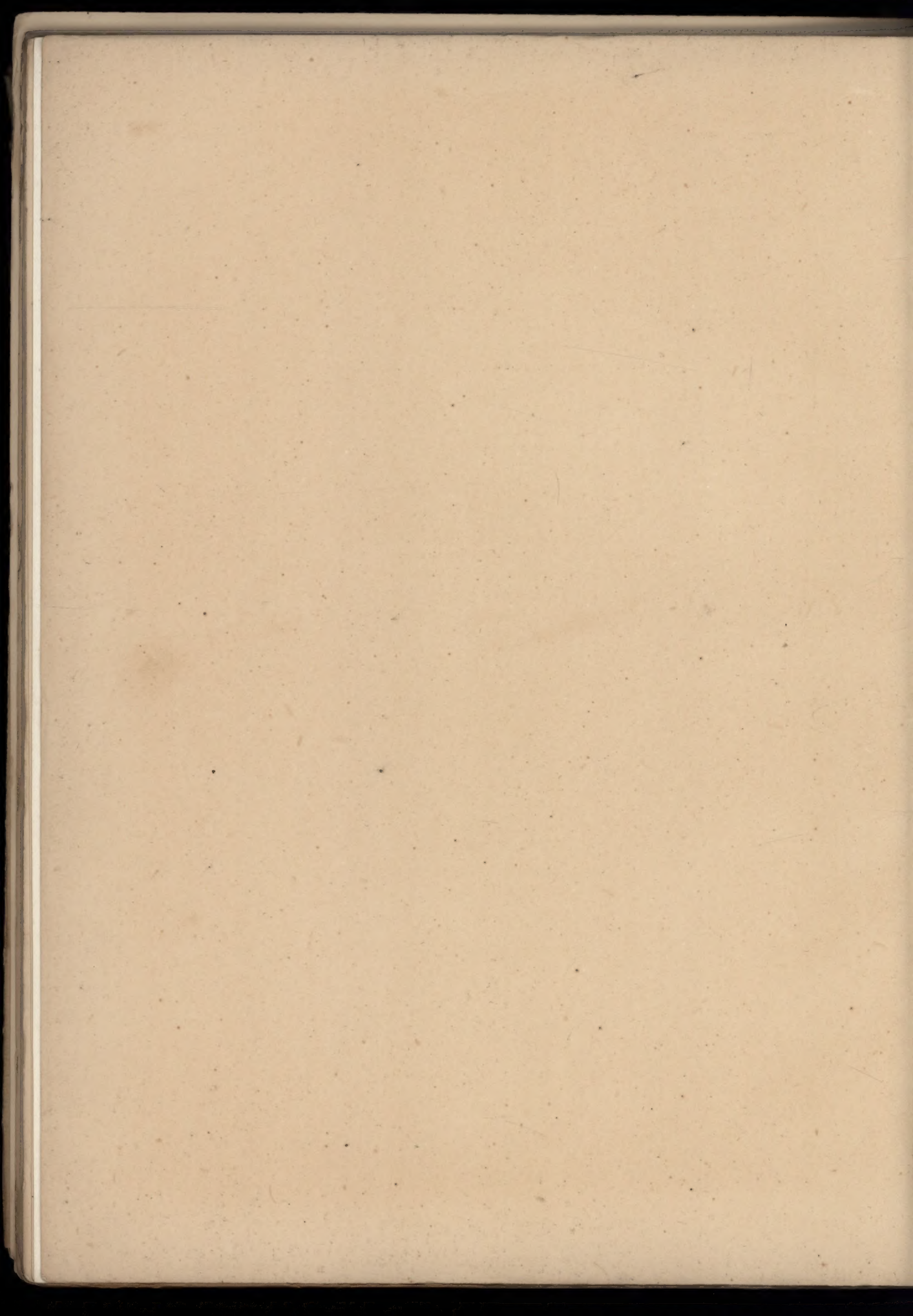




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